

LIFE PORTRAITS
OF
SHAKESPEARE





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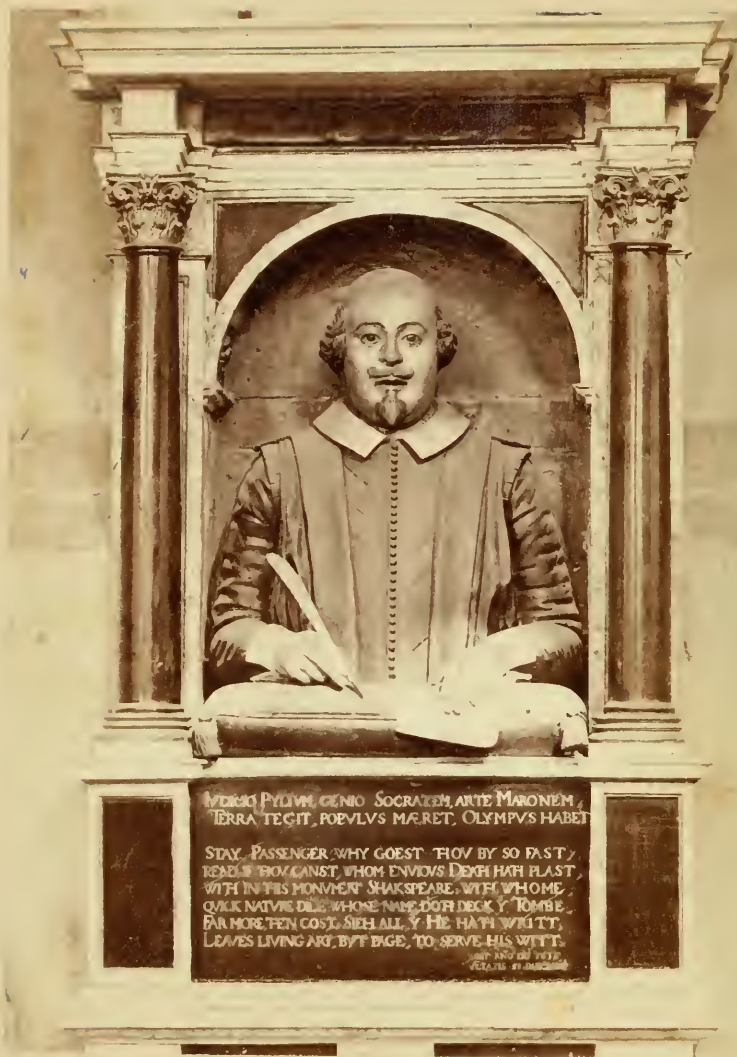
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LIFE PORTRAITS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.





THE BUST OF SHAKSPEARE,
AT STRATFORD ON AVON.





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LIFE PORTRAITS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE:

A HISTORY OF
THE VARIOUS REPRESENTATIONS OF THE POET, WITH AN
EXAMINATION INTO THEIR AUTHENTICITY.

BY J. ^{James} HAIN FRISWELL.

*Illustrated by Photographs of the most authentic Portraits, and with
Views, &c. by CUNDALL, DOWNES, & Co.*



THE FELTON HEAD OF SHAKSPEARE*.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON,
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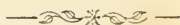
TO
THE PRESIDENT,
VICE-PRESIDENTS,
AND BROTHER MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE
FOR RAISING A NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO
SHAKSPEARE,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

December, 1863.

P R E F A C E.



“WE know,” wrote Plutarch, “even the nurse of Alcibiades, that she was of Lacedæmon, and that her name was Amycla; we know, also, that Zephyrus was his schoolmaster, the one being recorded by Antisthenes, the other by Plato.” Alcibiades, the very embodiment of prominent and brilliant success, has naturally been more fortunate—or, it may be, *less* happy—than Shakspeare, who was the incarnation of observant, but retired and unobserved, poetic thought. We may know the nurse and the pedagogue of Alcibiades, we are ignorant of the name of the dearest friend of Shakspeare; and, were it not for the intervention of a few friendly parish records, and the note-book of one who had listened to his wit, and marvelled at his wisdom, we might well join the facile and nebulous army of doubters, and declare him to be

a myth, a shadowed nucleus around which glorious poetry had accidentally entangled itself, and had got wound into a perfect ball.

But as we have no record of him, it is natural that our desire should be the more intense to know what manner of man he was. As we have statues and coins of Alcibiades, so we have busts and pictures of Shakspeare; and this book is written to weigh the merits of many candidates for originality. The very idea of the book is based upon embarrassment; for although works by Messrs. Boaden and Wivell have preceded it, and there are here and there to be found a friendly monograph on the Shakspeare portraits, the difficulty is still very great. Nevertheless, what has been done has been undertaken with diffidence, and, it is to be hoped, performed with diligence. The writer may plead that long training in art, a schooling in engraving, and an acquaintance with many artists, no less than a love for the subject, in some measure fitted him for the task; and although he feels that Shakspearian scholars may recognise various omissions, he may be permitted to explain that he has been obliged to omit at least three-fourths of the material

collected for the work. A perfect list of the engravings of Shakspeare, with criticisms thereon, would alone fill the book; he has therefore been obliged to make a selection—it is to be hoped a judicious one. He may add, that many new pictures, unknown to predecessors in this inquiry, have been fully described.

In conclusion, the Author begs to return his most hearty thanks for cordial assistance rendered by many gentlemen. Amongst them he may mention Professor Owen; Duffus Hardy, Esq., Assistant Keeper of the Records; Thomas Challis, Esq.; George Scharf, Esq., F.S.A., Secretary to the National Portrait Gallery; William Oakes Hunt, Esq., of Stratford-on-Avon. He also owes many thanks to the Committee of the Garrick Club; to John Timbs, Esq., F.S.A.; Samuel Timmins, Esq., of Birmingham; G. W. W. Firth, Esq., of Norwich; J. O. Halliwell, Esq.; and Mr. Charles Wright, who has been unremitting in his kindness.

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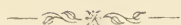
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LIFE PORTRAITS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.



I.

AN INQUIRY.

“SHAKSPEARE,” wrote Coleridge, when discussing the art of the great poet, “goes on kindling, like a meteor through the dark atmosphere;” and the image thus applied to his work may well be transferred to his fame. In the whole literary sky there is no brighter planet than he, and it is quite natural that all of us who love the mind of the man, as pictured in his works, should desire to know what manner of man he was.

But at the very first outset we shall be puzzled. Many years ago Steevens wrote concerning him this sentence, which is memorable as containing the most concise, and, at the same time, the most certain, biography of Shakspeare:—“All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning him, is, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon; married, and had children there; went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.”

Thus shortly, with a little filling up of dates from parish registers, from town deeds and records, with a legend or two more or less apocryphal, but likely enough to be true, and with a note or so from the diary of a careless clergyman, or the gossip of an actor friend—we may learn all that we can of Shakspeare. Perhaps it is lucky for us that it is so. The life of a poet is best written in his works; his greatest actions lie within the compass of his brain. It is better for us to have no memorials, rather than to have them foolishly done; and far better to rest thus contented than to wade through those dullest of all dull books, wire-drawn and fictitious biographies, wherein we are teased and tormented by an intellectual mirage, perpetually attempting to grasp the shadow of a fact, and stumbling about with the wretched uncertainty of a man who has got entangled in a quagmire.*

About his portraits we have scarcely the same uncertainty. We are quite certain that Shakspeare attracted considerable notice, and excited some warm attention, during his lifetime. With many, this attention grew into something like veneration and affection; although, were we to be guided by the inflated style of the adulatory verses it was

* "Sometimes great men lend willing hands to their degradation, furnishing in confessions and autobiographies indisputable evidence of their own short-comings. These revelations are keenly relished by the public. Unfortunately, there are few autobiographies in our language of intrinsic worth. Really valuable biographies of literary men are equally scarce. We have several lives of *Shakspeare*, Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, containing very little information that deserves to be communicated, and an abundance of tittle-tattle which unquestionably deserves to be forgotten."—*Westminster Review*, Oct. 1863.

then, and for some years afterwards, the fashion to prefix to books, the same might be said of the most obscure poet of the day. But in the instances of Ben Jonson and Thomas Fuller, who have both mentioned our poet, we feel on much surer ground. The commendatory verses prefixed to the folio of 1623 are comparatively few, but they are evidently all of them from men who had known the poet, and who thoroughly appreciated him. The verses by Ben Jonson, headed, "*To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us,*" are not only the most truthful lines ever prefixed to an author's work, but they are, at the same time, informed with the highest poetry, and contain, even apart from their subject, some of the finest lines in the language. The adjuration evidently points to the Stratford monument :—

" Soule of the Age,
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of the stage !
My Shakspeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye *
A little further, to make thee a roome :
Thou art a moniment without a tombe."

* Jonson here at once borrows, and indignantly rejects, a thought once attributed to Donne, and printed among his poems, but since discovered to be by W. Basse ; these are the lines :—

" Renowndèd Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learnèd Chaucer ; and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser ; to make room
For Shakspeare in your three-fold four-fold tomb :
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift
Until doomsday ; for hardly will a fifth,

The remainder is a most enthusiastic appreciation of the worth of Shakspeare; and the verses are so fine, there is hardly one but contains a quotation which is well worn—at least amongst Shakspearian scholars; and towards the end is a couplet with the epithet which has become an universal synonym for the poet—

*“ Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare.”*

But that which concerns us now, is, that it is in the commendatory verses published soon after his death, that we shall find two perfectly distinct, and very valuable references, to portraits of Shakspeare; and that one of these references speaks of one of these portraits with extreme praise, whilst the other, referring to the monument, reckons it of such value, that, as a picture of the man, his works only are to be preferred. The first verses are those by Ben Jonson, bearing the initials B. J., and placed opposite the engraving of Shakspeare on the first folio, to which they emphatically refer: these we shall afterwards

Betwixt this day and that, by fate be slain,
For whom your curtains may be drawn again,
But if precedency in death doth bar
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this carved marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakspeare, sleep alone :
Thy unmolested peace, unsharèd cave,
Possess as lord, not tenant, of thy grave ;
That unto us and others it may be
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.”

In these quaint, but not unpoetical verses, there is, it seems to us, also a distinct allusion to the monument at Stratford.

have occasion to quote in their proper place. The second are really the first in the commendatory verses, and are by Leonard Digges. These refer to the Stratford monument, which must then have been very recently set up :—

TO THE MEMORIE of the deceased Authour Maister W. SHAKESPEARE

SHAKE-SPEARE, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes : thy Workes, by which, out-live
Thy Tombe, thy name must : *when—that stone is rent,*
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This booke,
When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fresh to all Ages ; when Posteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-speares ; ev'ry Line, each Verse,
Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy Herse.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're beleeeve, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) until our bankrout Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliet, and her Romeo ;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans spake,
Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.*

We are therefore very certain, that, so far as regards two portraits, we have very weighty and authentic testi-

* "In Wood's '*Athenæ Oxonienses*,'" says Boaden, "I find that at this time (1623—when the lines were written), that Leonard Digges was returned from his travels, and wrote for the booksellers, but was a resident at University College. Digges died in 1635, leaving behind him another poem on Shakspeare, printed by Malone."—Vol. I. p. 485. Ed. 1821.

mony that they resembled the poet very closely ; these therefore, may be taken as standards for the verification of other portraits, all of which we shall find to agree with the bust in one particular, and very many in more.

The first authentic portrait, then, of our author, is, in point of time, the Stratford bust, which preceded, by a little, the print by Droeshout : we have seen how it has been alluded to by Digges. The very best and closest representation of it that can be given is, we believe, that which is here presented to the reader, taken by photography. Like the monument itself, it will probably disappoint many people. It is heavy, not very intellectual, and certainly not sculptured by any one having claims to be considered an artist. Its great characteristic is that of extreme good nature, and cheerfulness. Mr. Britton, in his "*Remarks on his (Shakspeare's) Monumental Bust,*" published in 1816, thus speaks of it :—"The bust is of the size of life ; it is formed out of a block of soft stone, and was originally painted over in imitation of nature. The hands and face were of flesh colour, the eyes of a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn ; the doublet or coat was scarlet, and covered with a loose black gown, or tabard, without sleeves ; the upper part of the cushion was green, the under part crimson, and the tassels gilt. Such appear to have been the original features of this important but neglected or insulted bust. After remaining in this state above one hundred and twenty years, Mr. John Ward, grandfather of Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, caused it to be repaired, and the original colours

preserved, in 1748, from the profits of the representation of *Othello*.* This was a generous and apparently judicious act; and therefore very unlike the next alteration it was subjected to in 1793. In that year, Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint; and thus at once destroyed its original character, and greatly injured the expression of the face."

Malone's act, which Mr. Boaden states might be in purer taste, but which was at least injudicious, has so far injured the expression of the face, that whitened casts and engravings from the bust do not at all resemble it in its present state.

The bust has now been restored to its last coat of colour, by Mr. Collins, of New Bond Street, who prepared for it a bath of some detergent which entirely took off Malone's whitewash, and the clerk who shows the bust avers that, with the exception of a very little retouching, it is now in the same state in which it was left by Mr. Hall, the limner of Stratford.

The monument, at the first sight, strikes one as small. The head is oval, and is very fleshy, the jaw being heavy and massive, and the cheek round and full. It is, from its being coloured, by no means a sombre thing to contemplate, but has a cheerful, living look. The forehead is

* It is pleasant to remember, that this performance was given by the grandfather of Mrs. Siddons. The Rev. Joseph Greene wrote an address, which Ward delivered, based upon Addison's "Prologue to *Cato*," an admired performance, often imitated, but rarely equalled.

broad and full, but not very high, especially if one were to imagine the hair which originally covered it. The eyes are very full, the nose, a fleshy English nose, described by a clever author as "cogitative,"* but very short, for the nose of the bust of Shakespeare, like that of Tristram Shandy, it is said, has met with an accident, the former from the instrument of Dr. Slop, the latter from the chisel of the sculptor. The upper lip is very long, at least one inch and a quarter as we measured it; the whole face is eight inches and three-quarters in length. The nostrils are raised and drawn up, a fact often quoted as a proof that the sculptor worked from a cast taken after death.† The costume, suggested by some on account of the colour to have been a livery of the king's players, is easily but coarsely cut, and not very different (and this does away with the probability of the suggestion just quoted being of much value) from that of Shakspeare's friend John a Combe, a full length recumbent statue of whom lies a few feet to the left of the poet. Professor Owen has remarked to the writer the resemblance between this costume and the old professorial gown now worn.

The hand of the poet holds a pen, which was long absent from the monument. Of it a correspondent

* "The property of this class (of noses) is deep close Meditation, intense concentrated Thought, eminently cogitative in fact; it includes in it all serious thinkers . . . For this reason it is a laudable ambition in a young man to cultivate a Cogitative Nose, for he can only do so by cultivating his Mind."—*Notes on Noses*, pp. 51—63.

† To this we shall have soon to recur.

of Mr. Wivell, living at Stratford, related the following :—

“Dr. Davenport, our vicar,* who has been connected as such, and curate of our church for fifty years, informs me that on his first appointment here the bust had a stone pen, which a young gentleman, a friend of his just emerged from Oxford, came (having come) to see him, and having taken the pen out of the fingers and fiddling with it, in the exertion, let it through his own on the flags, which assuredly broke it in pieces; an ordinary pen has occasionally been put between the fingers for the last fifty years.”

The last paragraph is very probable, for at present a fine “grey goose quill,” heavily dipped in black paint or ink, is placed in the hand. At the time of the inquiries of Messrs. Boaden and Wivell the name of the sculptor of this monument was not known, and the latter writer tells us that Mr. Wheler of Stratford suggested that it was the work of the sculptor of the monument to two of the Combe family, Richard and Judith, which is on the left hand of the monument and is really a work of art. “Vertue,” says Horace Walpole,† “says that this is in good taste;” it is not only in good taste, but is cut with much delicacy and feeling, and bears this mark, “THOMAS STANTON Fecit, Hol.”

The name of the sculptor of the Stratford Bust is Gerard Johnson. “We learn the name,” says Charles

* This was written about the year 1826.

† “Anecdotes of Artists of the Reign of William III.”

Knight, "from Dugdale's Correspondence, published by Mr. Hamper in 1827." Of him we know nothing but the fact recorded, and that he carved also the recumbent figure of John Combe, a heavy, stiff, and graceless block, which Mr. Knight, in "*Shakspeare, a Biography*," curiously enough calls "a fine recumbent figure executed by the same sculptor who, a few years later, set up in the same chancel a monument to one who 'when that stone is rent' shall still be 'fresh to all ages.' " *

The skull of the figure, rudely cut and heavy, without any feeling, is a mere block; a phrenologist would be puzzled at its smoothness and roundness. It has no more individuality or power in it than a boy's marble. The cheeks are fat and sensual, the neck just rounded out of the soft stone; the linen collar of the dress like a sheet of bent block tin. Still a certain veneration and love for the old statue must be accorded by all lovers of Shakspeare; bad as it is, it is the most universally accredited and beloved likeness of the poet. It has more-

* It is supposed that the monument to Camden, in Westminster Abbey, is by the same sculptor as that of Shakspeare at Stratford. The statement of Sir William Dugdale is as follows:—"The monument of John Combe, at Stratford-sup'-Avon, and Shakespeare's, were made by one Gerard Johnson." Wivell says that he resided somewhere in the city, probably in the Ward of St. Thomas the Apostle; and he gives this certificate of him:—

"*Garratt Johnson*, and Mary his Wyffe, housholders; a *Hollander* born at Amsterdam; a tombe maker; 5 sonnes, aged 22, 11, 10, 6, 4, and 1 daughter aged 14, all born in England; 26 years resident; a Denizen; Englishe church: 4 Iurnimen, 2 prentices, and 1 Englishman at work, no servant."—With such a staff, this tombe maker must have "turned out" many monuments.

over a certain *bonhomme*, good nature, a fair and upright look about it, which most likely the poet had, for it was accepted by his contemporaries as a successful likeness, and no doubt fairly paid for by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who, it may be supposed, was the author of the following somewhat lame Hexameter and Pentameter, as well as the accompanying little English sonnet. They remain on a black marble slab below the bust, and may be clearly read in the photograph given with this volume.

JVDICIO PVLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLVMPVS HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST,
WITHIN THIS MONVMENT, SHAKSPEARE, WITHOM
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK VS. TOMBE
FAR MORE THAN COST; SIEH ALL YT. HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIIT ANO. DOI. 1616. ÆTATIS 53. DIE 23. AP.

Below the monument is the curious inscription said to have been written by Shakspeare:—

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES.

It has this undoubted merit in addition to its quaint originality, viz. that it has certainly saved the poet's bones being "moved," and his head being "felt" by phrenologists. The abbreviations of the words are curious. "Blese" instead of "bleste," and "thes" for

"these," the H and T being curiously joined together, probably to save the work of the letter cutter.

Mr. Boaden seems struck, as all must have been, with the jovial character of this bust. "It presents," he says, "our bard in the act of composition, and in his gayest mood. The *vis comica* so brightens his countenance, that it is hardly a stretch of fancy to suppose him in the actual creation of Falstaff himself."* He says, moreover, that the nose is "somewhat curtailed," and the distance between the nose and the mouth greater than is common in both the Chandos picture and the folio head. "However," he continues, "with all abatements as to the artist's skill, who was neither a NOLLEKENS or a CHANTREY, he most probably had so many means of right information—worked so near the bard's time, and was so conscious of the importance of his task, that this must always be regarded as a pleasing and faithful, if not a flattering resemblance, of the great poet."

With this verdict we must all agree. Northcote, the painter, said that the bust had "the countenance of a great and good man, and such as he should conceive Shakespeare to have possessed." It was evidently executed immediately after the poet's death, and it is suggested that the tomb-maker worked from a cast of the features taken after death from the poet's face, according to a practice then not uncommon. If such were the case, and the departure by the artist, or rather the "tombe maker," from such a model does not invalidate its value, the cast was probably

* Boaden, pp. 30, 31.

made at Stratford by some native operator, and then sent to London, where the tomb was prepared. All the figures in monuments of this and a much earlier period are evidently portraits more or less faithful. Many of these could not have been modelled from mere paintings, and a great number of them bear upon their countenances the very impress of the hand of Death, in their quiet placidity and stolid peace. Part of the tomb-maker's art was evidently that of preparing the wax moulds of the face, and from these casts were made, which in the case of a great man lying in state, were coloured to the life and placed upon a lay-figure, many of the people who crowded round believing the figure to be the veritable body of the dead general or king.

To this necessary process with the "tombe maker" we curiously enough owe our wax-works, from Mrs. Salmon's to Madame Tussaud's, for they were all imitations of that curious collection still to be seen, by those who are very much interested in the matter, over the chapel of St. Erasmus in Westminster Abbey. This collection, now neglected and covered with dust, contains some curious originals, and in an old cupboard are many decapitated and broken lay-figures, which have in their time served for the bodies of kings and queens. The common name for some time previous to the "show" being discontinued, was the "ragged regiment," but the old name "the Play of the Dead Volks" reveals more closely the feelings with which the common people regarded the show.

In a description of the Abbey, published "by J. New-

berry at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1754," we are told that "these effigies resembled the deceased as nearly as possible, and were wont to be exposed at the funerals of our princes, and other great personages, in open chariots, with their proper ensigns of royalty or honour appended." Many of these figures have been very richly dressed, and to this circumstance Newberry alludes:—"The most ancient are the least injured; by which it would seem as if the costliness of their clothes had occasioned this ravage; for the robes of Edward VI., which were once of crimson velvet, but now appear like leather, are entire; but those of Queen Elizabeth and K. James the First are entirely stript—as are all the rest,—of everything of value. In two handsome wainstcoat presses are the effigies of K. William and Q. Mary, and Q. Anne, in good condition, and admired by every eye that beholds them."

These figures are in reality very handsomely dressed, and the verger who showed them to us mentioned some fabulous sum as having been offered by Madame Tussaud for the lace and velvet of the robes. In the same place is a capital figure of Nelson, with, it is said, an original coat and sword. The effigy of Cromwell was here, the face taken from a cast afterwards discovered, which was bought of Colonel Angerstein. "In the account of his lying in state, the effigies is described as made to the life in wax, apparelled in velvet, gold lace, and ermine. This effigies was laid upon the bed of state, and carried on the hearse in the funeral procession; both were then deposited in the

Abbey: but at the Restoration, the hearse was broken in pieces, and the effigies was destroyed, after hanging from a window at Whitehall." *

There can, we think, therefore, be little doubt that the bust of Shakspeare was executed in London by Gerard Johnson, from a mould taken from the dead face of the poet, and sent to London for the purpose. The mould of the face of Cromwell was discovered, why should not that of Shakspeare's be also found out? These questions were continually asked. Is there any solution of them?

* *Curiosities of London*, p. 753.

II.

CAST OF THE HEAD OF SHAKSPEARE AFTER DEATH.

THERE has been for some years a rumour, that the cast of the face from the mask, or, as sculptors call it, "flying mould," taken immediately after the death of the great poet, and upon which the Stratford bust was based, was in existence; nay, that it had been found. Such a cast, or one which certain persons profess to be such, does exist, and is now in the custody of Professor Owen, at the British Museum.

On examination, it will be found an ordinary plaster cast of a face bearing some resemblance to the more refined portraits of the poet. It is not unlike the ideal head by Roubilliac, and bears a very great resemblance to a fine portrait of the poet in possession of Mr. Challis. Professor Owen, who takes great interest in the matter, very courteously exhibited the cast, and gave some little history of it.

The forehead is delicate and fine, fully developed, and certainly capacious, although by no means equal in size to

the foreheads of the bust, the Droeshout, the Felton portrait, or the newly-discovered Stratford head. The mask—for it is merely that of a face and forehead—is in a glass case, carefully and doubly locked. Hairs of the moustache, eyelashes, and beard, still adhere to the plaster. The eyes are closed, and one of them—the left—indicates that the process of decay had set in before the cast was taken, part of the cornea protruding from beneath the eyelid. This is the case with the same eye, and, curiously, with the mask of Cromwell's face.

The moustache is, in shape, that now commonly worn; the beard, a small tuft on the chin now called an "imperial." The hairs left sticking in the plaster are a light reddish-brown, or auburn, and correspond with many of the portraits, and with the colours of the Stratford bust. Professor Owen says that John Bell, the sculptor, is of opinion, that the Stratford bust was cut from a mask, but by a clumsy sculptor, who modified his work. The mask has a short upper lip, the bust a very long one; but this discrepancy is accounted for on the supposition that the sculptor had an accident with the nose. The nostrils are drawn up, almost painfully; the same is visible in the bust. There are several other points of resemblance, but these are very minute.

On the other hand, the cast differs very widely from the bust *said* to have been cut from it. The nose is utterly unlike; in the cast it is a fine, thin, aquiline nose, and, as there can be no doubt that the cast is from a dead face, one feels irresistibly the force of Mrs. Quickly's

simile in the much-contested quotation, as altered by Mr. Collier's "old corrector ;"—

"His nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze."

The face is a sharp oval, that of the bust is a blunt one ; the chin is narrow and pointed, that of the bust rounded or rather square, and full of force ; the cheeks are thin and drawn in, those of the bust full, fat, and almost coarse. Exception has also been taken to the age of the person, expressed in this cast, some asserting that it is too young in look for the years of our poet at his death. But here we are in favour of the cast. Some time after death the skin seems to relax, the wrinkles to fill out, and the expression of care becomes one of quietude and peace. There are, moreover, plenty of indications of "crow's feet" and wrinkles at the corners of the eyes ; and the face, while it wants utterly the jovial look of the bust, is certainly one of a person who might have suffered, thought, and felt.

The dead face has a mournful look, and persons of imagination and tender fancy are affected by it. Fanny Kemble on viewing it burst into tears. But so much have we formed our opinion of the poet from prints and paintings, and from the fleshy cast of the bust at Stratford, which has become familiar to us, that we do not at first readily perceive a great likeness to the poet. When, however, the cast was removed from its case, and held up in the same position as the bust, the cheeks lost their thin, worn look, and the resemblance was very apparent.

The mask is surrounded with faded green silk, which gives it a ghastly appearance. It occupies the centre compartment of a small glass case or box; on one side is a case containing a miniature of the dead poet, painted from the cast, and on the other, a little printed book, in which is related the history of the cast.

That history is as follows:—A German nobleman had an ancestor who was attached to one of the ambassadors accredited to the Court of King James I. This gentleman was, like many of his countrymen at a later period, a great admirer of the genius of Shakspeare, and, as a memorial of him, bought the cast, in all probability from the sculptor of the tomb, Gerard Johnson, had it carefully preserved, and took it with him to his own country. There it was shown in his castle, and looked upon with much awe by his friends and neighbours. The nobleman who brought it home employed a pupil of Vandyke to paint the miniature which accompanies it. The mask and miniature remained in the family, and descended from father to son for many generations, until they came to the possession of the last of the family, a dignitary of the Church in Cologne.

Mr. Becker, in this little book, which is printed on one side of the leaf only, and contains very few pages, gives the following relation, which we present entire:—

“In the year 1843, Count and Canon Francis von Kesselstadt died at Mayence. In the same year his valuable collection of curiosities and objects of art was disposed of by auction. Amongst other things, there was

an unornamented small-sized oil painting (the picture of a corpse), which an antiquary of the town of Mayence bought at the sale. In the year 1847, I gained possession of it by purchase.* Professor Müller, of Mayence, knew the history of this picture, and communicated it to me by letter. It was painted in oil, on parchment, and bore the date 1637. As this date does not coincide with the date of Shakspeare's death, 1616, I stated my opinion to brother antiquarians that this picture must, in all probability, be copied from an older one, or possibly have been arrived at from some existing cast or statue. I then learnt that, in this same collection of Graf Kesselstadt, there had been a plaster of Paris cast, which, on account of its melancholy appearance, had been treated with little consideration; who had bought it, nobody knew. After two years' fruitless search and inquiry, in the year 1849 I discovered the lost relic in a broker's shop, amongst rags and articles of the meanest description.

“The back of it bears the inscription—

A° Dm̄ 1616.

“On carefully comparing the cast with the picture, I could no longer doubt that the pair were to be identified as of the same person.

“By adorning the cast with a wreath of cypress, and adding the same coloured hair as in the picture, the pale chiselled features will assuredly awaken the endless respect which his works have gained for him.

“Edinburgh, 1850.”

“LUDWIG BECKER.

* The documents proving this purchase are enclosed in the case, and are here translated.

PROFESSOR MÜLLER'S LETTER TO L. BECKER.

(Translation.)

“ Mayence, 28th February, 1847.

“ FRIEND BECKER,

“ Some time ago you submitted for my opinion a small oil painting—a sort of miniature in oils—of the English school, painted in the seventeenth century. This picture represented a very celebrated Englishman, lying on his deathbed, in state. I remarked at the time that, in the features of the deceased, I instantly recognised those of that great European dramatic author, William Shakspeare, of Stratford, born in 1564, and on his deathbed, alas! in 1616. You now request me to state, by letter, my reasons for the above opinion, it being of importance just now that you should know them.

“ I have not the least hesitation in communicating the following :—

“ The picture in question was upwards of a century in the hands of the noble family of Kesselstadt, at Cologne; which city, it is well known, kept up a lively commerce in works of art, with London, for nearly three hundred years. The deceased prebendary, Francis Graf Kesselstadt, (with whom I was on terms of intimacy since the year 1790,) as only surviving heir, succeeded to the estates, and became possessed of all the pictures and *chef d'œuvres*. He himself had considerable knowledge of painting; was a great collector, as well as a lover and patron of the Fine Arts. He turned his attention, however, more particularly to works of *historical* worth,

the portraits of renowned characters, of which he had a large collection, and to each of which he appended a sort of historical reference—*par exemple*, Albrecht von Brandenburg, Gustavus Adolphus (King of Sweden), Henry IV., Martin Luther, Melancthon, Albrecht Dürer, Martin Schön; and amongst the celebrated poets of the olden time the little picture now in your possession had a prominent place, bearing the inscription—

TRADITIONEN NACH SHAKESPEARE.

“ This picture came into your possession after the death of Graf Kesselstadt, when his effects were put up to auction; and thus you had the opportunity and good fortune of acquiring, at a moderate price, a gem of art and ‘world-celebrated rarity.’ I cannot here omit stating, that among all the numerous *savans*, antiquaries, and eminent artists visiting Graf Kesselstadt’s gallery, not the least doubt existed as to the authenticity of the picture of Shakspeare, to which many affirmed the sketches they had seen in England bore strong resemblance.

“ Graf Kesselstadt, to my knowledge, refused some very handsome offers from the parties anxious to become purchasers.

“ Your friend, (Signed) N. MÜLLER,
“ *Professor.*”

“ In testimony of the authenticity of Professor Müller’s signature.

“ (Signed) NACK,
“ *Burgomaster of Mayence.*

“ Mayence, 28th February, 1847.”

LETTER FROM S. JOURDAN, AN ANTIQUARY OF
MAYENCE.

(Translation.)

“ I hereby certify, at the request of Mr. L. Becker, that the little picture bearing the date 1637, and representing SHAKESPEARE UPON HIS DEATHBED, was purchased by me at the public sale of Earl Kesselstadt's effects, and afterwards sold to the above Mr. L. Becker.

“ (Signed) S. JOURDAN,
“ *Antiquary, Mayence.*”

“ In testimony of the authenticity of S. Jourdan's signature.

“ (Signed) NACK,
“ *Burgomaster of Mayence.*

“ Mayence 17th March, 1847.”

The portrait of Shakspeare on his deathbed is certainly an old picture, but represents rather a corpse lying in state, on a bier, than a man on his deathbed. It has been painted to order from the cast, and is evidently a production of the age it claims to be. The wreath of green leaves, intended for bay or laurel, the open work at the seams of the pillow-case, the folds of the white linen sheets of the bed, the very cut and collar of the shirt in which the dead poet lies, are indications of its genuineness, which, taken together, must have weight. Still, this little portrait has no value as a genuine one of the poet; it is merely a fancy sketch painted from the cast. As

such it is very curious ; it would be still curious if a forgery, so great is its antiquarian and local truth.

About twenty years ago, the owner of these curiosities brought them to London, but failed to make his own convictions generally accepted ; thereon he returned to Germany, leaving this precious relic in the custody of Professor Owen and Mr. König—the predecessor of the Professor in the office he holds in the Museum. Dr. Becker, it is supposed, was the *savant* * who went as a naturalist and geologist with the ill-fated party which formed the exploring expedition under Messrs. Burke and Willes, in South Australia, and was amongst those who so sadly perished. The cast, whatever its value, now therefore belongs to his representatives.

The story, as put above, presents no insuperable difficulty. There is not the slightest improbability in the fact of a German nobleman being so charmed with the genius of an English poet, that when by accident he talked with a countryman of his own, Gerard Johnson, “a tombe maker,” and was informed that he was then executing a monument of the great man from a cast taken after death, that he should have desired and have obtained the mortuary relic. Although, so far as we can judge, the German intellect did not awaken to the worth of Shakspeare till nearly two centuries later, more than one foreigner might have sounded the depths of his poetry and philosophy.

* It was the same gentleman, a man of great industry and learning, who arranged a large portion of the minerals, &c. in the Victorian Exhibition, and which formed part of our International Exhibition of 1862.

That the tomb-maker worked from such a cast is most probable. "The whole of the face," says Mr. Fairholt, speaking of the Stratford Bust, "has been sculptured with singular delicacy and remarkable care." This statement we entirely dissent from, and a glance at the photograph will, we think, dissipate any notion of there being anything at all remarkable in the delicacy of the sculptor's chisel, or care in his use of it. The writer's next paragraph contradicts this part of his assertions. "The eyes are not only badly executed, but are untrue to nature. They are merely elliptical openings, exhibiting none of the delicate curvatures which ought to be expressed; the ciliary cartilages are straight, hard, and unmeaning, and the glands at the corners next to the nose are entirely omitted." This remarkable want of truthfulness can be accounted for, if we believe the sculptor to have *worked from a cast of the features, in which the eyes would have been closed*. In his copy it was essential that they should be opened.*

The enthusiastic terms in which many critics speak of the bust,† leads them away from the truth which criticism demands. Its very faults are quoted as beauties; the

* Halliwell's folio Shakspeare. Vol. I. p. 234.

† We have even many apologists for the extreme length of the upper lip. Mr. Britton relates, that when he, Sir Walter Scott, West, and Spurzheim, were invited by Bullock to examine a cast made by him from the monument, Scott could not reconcile himself to the extraordinary length of the upper lip. It was found, however, on applying the compasses, that Scott's own upper lip was a quarter of an inch longer! That is, one inch and a half! We may remark that the length of Lord Brougham's upper lip is also extraordinary.

smooth placidity of the brow, the grandeur of the look is dwelt upon. These we have failed to see, and indeed, they are more apparent in the models and plaster casts, evidently "touched up" by the Italians, than in the original.* We doubt whether many of the casts are exact reproductions. The drawings and prints generally put forward altogether fail as exact representations. A fine massive print in good light and shade, very well engraved in stipple, from a drawing by Mr. John Boaden, which is very popular, and which has the merit of remaining, perhaps, longer on the mind than most others, may be exactly what Shakspeare should have been; but it certainly does not represent the bust, and we entirely agree with the author quoted in our last note, that no thorough representation can be given of it except by a photograph.†

Lastly, it may be noted in regard to the mask of the face in the custody of Professor Owen, that the extreme thinness of the nose and of the cheeks does not so much militate against its genuineness as one would suppose. The features alter extremely after death with most persons; and although Shakspeare is said to have died after a very short illness, he may have lost much flesh. The "tombe maker," wishing to exhibit him *ad vivum*, would alter this.

* It may be remarked, that no wood-cut or engraving hitherto made, gives at all the expression of the bust, which is a remarkable one. In fact, from the gradation of depth, *this could hardly be done except by a photograph*, or, of course a perfect bust.—*Shakspeare and his Birth-place*, p. 101.

† Some few small photographs of the bust are sold, which have been made, not in the church, but from plaster copies; just as many of the Queen and Princess Alexandra are from paintings, and not from life.

As a parallel instance of extreme difference between life and death, we may cite the cast from the features of Napoleon the Great preserved in the Invalides. Looking at it, with its drawn face and sharpened nose, one would rather think it a mask of the fine, thin features of Voltaire, than of the round and massive head of the conqueror Napoleon I.

III.

THE OIL PAINTING KNOWN AS THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

HOLDING certainly the first place in value and importance, having the longest pedigree of any, whilst it possesses at least as much collateral evidence of probability, and is, moreover, important as belonging to the nation, the CHANDOS portrait of Shakspeare claims our earnest attention,

In the catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery, the history of this picture is very concisely given. It came into the hands of the trustees in March, 1856, being purchased at the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's pictures at Stowe (September, 1848), for 355 guineas, and, in the year mentioned, presented to the Gallery by the purchaser—the Earl of Ellesmere. The history, as told in the catalogue, is as follows :—

“The Chandos Shakspeare was the property of John Taylor the player, by whom, or by Richard Burbage, it*

* There was no player of the name of John Taylor: the player was Joseph. There was a painter named John; and in the Picture Gallery at





THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.



was painted. The picture was left by the former, in his will, to Sir William Davenant. After his death it was bought by Betterton, the actor, upon whose decease Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicholls, of Michenden House, Southgate, Middlesex, whose only daughter married James, Marquis of Caernarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, father to Anna Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham."

Such is the history, partially confirmed by Horace Walpole,* which is written on a paper attached to the back of the canvas. A seal, with the arms of the Duke of Buckingham, is also affixed.

There can be little doubt but for many years this portrait of Shakspeare has been regarded as genuine. Sir William Davenant, who, as a boy, remembered Shakspeare, and who was not above yielding to the suggestion that the great poet was his father, in more than a poetical sense, must have, we suppose, more than once gently hinted to John Taylor that he wished to possess it, or it would not have been left to him, as the most fit proprietor, by will. But Davenant died insolvent, and the adminis-

Oxford, are two portraits of Taylor, the Water-poet, with the words '*John Taylor pinx 1655.*' There is some resemblance in the manner between these and the picture of Shakspeare in the Duke of Chandos's collection. "That picture (I express the opinion of Sir J. Reynolds) has not the least air of Cornelius Jansen's performances."—*MS. Note by Oldys, the Antiquary, quoted in the last edition of Wivell's Inquiry.*

* See "Granger's Biographical History," Vol. I. page 310, note, Ed. 1824. "Mr. Walpole informs me that the only original picture of Shakspeare is that which belonged to Mr. Keck, from whom it passed to Mr. Nicoll, whose only daughter married the Marquis of Carnarvon."

tration of his effects was granted, in 1668, to John Otway, his principal creditor.* After his death, Betterton, the actor, bought the portrait, and it was in his possession when it was engraved by Vander-Gucht. Betterton made no will, and died indigent, and this picture of Shakspeare was purchased by Mrs. Barry, the actress, who sold it afterwards for forty guineas to Mr. Robert Keck. In 1719, Vertue made a fine engraving of it, with the head the reversed way. When in Mr. Nicoll's possession, it was, in 1747, engraved by Houbraken. Cooper, Scrivene, Ozias Humphreys, and others, have tried their hands upon this celebrated picture, and, from the multiplicity of copies, the face has become so familiar, that it is almost universally accepted as Shakspeare, whether it is he or not. Mr. Malone had *three* copies of it :—

“ I know our Shakspeare's gentle face :
 The reason why you'll plainly see :
 His picture 'longs to Chandos' grace.
 Of which I've got rare copies three.”

A Mr. Thomas Shakspeare, of Ranelagh Street, Pimlico, had, twenty years ago, a fine copy, which had been in his family for more than a century.

The engravings, by various artists, of this picture, differ very much. Some engravers alter the ruff, some the position of the head, others the costume. Vertue, in

* That notion of Sir William Davenant being more than a poetical child only of Shakspeare, was common in town ; and Sir William himself seemed fond of having it taken for truth. Pope.—*Spence's Anecdotes*, Sect. I. 1728-30.

1719, chose to alter the dress of the figure; others have been even more bold, and have tried "to improve and elevate the countenance."

The picture, which is in oil, and on canvas, is at first glance disappointing. One cannot readily imagine our essentially English Shakspeare to have been a dark, heavy man, with a foreign expression, of a decidedly Jewish physiognomy, thin curly hair, a somewhat lubricious mouth, red-edged eyes, wanton lips, with a coarse expression, and his ears tricked out with ear-rings.* The forehead has a somewhat noble aspect, but has been retouched by a clumsy restorer. The eyes are hardly well rendered in any print but that after Ozias Humphreys, and those have a little exaggeration. They are of dark brown, and fixed in a thoughtful gaze. The eyes are full, and somewhat heavy, the supra-orbital ridge well developed and round, as it is in the bust—in the Houbraken portrait it is flat. The hair, which is auburn inclining to dark brown, is in great profusion, the chin and upper lip fully covered with hair, the upper lip very short, and totally different from that of the Stratford bust or the Droeshout portrait.

* It is quite true that these ornaments were then worn by men. In the same gallery there is a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, with a double pearl-drop ear-ring. But then Raleigh was a young beau, and wears a Court suit; Shakspeare a working playwright, in his working dress. King Charles the First has also a single pearl, and the Earl of Southampton—the patron of Shakspeare—has one ear-ring. I may here again express my thanks to Mr. George Scharf, F.S.A., the secretary of the National Portrait Gallery, for his great attention, and cordial assistance and information, during my examination of the picture—assistance rendered in a most ready and generous manner.

The dress of the figure, so far as we are now able to distinguish, is of black satin, the collar of lawn, plain and simple, with white strings, which show through the beard, and are sewn over the collar. The painting has been very much scrubbed, and has been injured by injudicious cleaners and restorers. Mr. Boaden says, that "no picture, during the last hundred years, has been more frequently copied;" perhaps no picture has been more often "touched up." There was a mild joke of its being, in Malone's time, "an old friend with a new face." So far as we can now see, it has been painted in an oval ornament of stone—not unfrequent with painters in those days, who wished to fill up their backgrounds. The background between the head and this ornament is of a reddish brown, but it requires a very good light to ascertain this. The picture is by a clever artist, and there are some excellent points about it, and those who most deplore the usage it has had will be the first to acknowledge that it is at least the remains of a fine painting.

The battle of the pictures, as to the authenticity of this one, has been fought with as much bitterness as ever was that of the books. If a man, after a long study and devotion to art, be bold enough to state an opinion, there will be ten found who, without any reason whatever, are ready to take the opposite side, and to deny what he says. Mr. Boaden, who believed in the Chandos Shakspeare, and who cites Mr. Malone as an ardent admirer—as, indeed, a possessor of three copies should have been—is terribly touched at the levity of Steevens, who, "with

puny pleasantry," "chuckling with triumph," called this portrait the *Davenantico-Bettertono-Barryan-Keckian-Nicol-sian-Chandosian*," upon which Boaden, undismayed by this discharge of "the whole artillery of his annoyance," calls Steevens, in return, "a true Anthropophaginian." Surely this word, so applied, must have silenced his rival, and Steevens, had he heard it, must have felt like that opponent of Charles Lamb, whom he once called a "naufraageous villain." "Eh! Charles," cried his friend, "what can you mean by that adjective?" "I don't know," stammered Elia, "but it's a good word to throw at a man."

Dr. Waagen pronounces, after perhaps a somewhat perfunctory inquiry, very determinately in favour of the originality of this portrait:—

"Though it is very uncertain whether this picture was painted by Burbage, yet there is no doubt that it proceeds from the hand of some English painter. Many even *pretend* to question whether it be really a portrait of Shakspeare. In the principal features, however, it appears to correspond entirely with two other pictures of the great poet—one in Wentworth House, the other lithographed in 1851—and above all with his bust at Stratford-upon-Avon. The difference between these portraits is only such as may be fully accounted for by the various conceptions of the artists and the different ages of the man. This picture, however, is far superior to all the others. The conception is animated; the original painting, though now much disfigured by retouchings, is of a warm tone and great breadth of treatment; and who can deny that

the chief characteristics of this portrait, the lofty and noble forehead, the deep, dark eyes, the nostrils breathing the fire of passion, the mouth combining at once the expression of healthy life with slight melancholy and delicate irony, are characteristics worthy of such a completely gifted genius? The Aquatint* engraving from this portrait, published by the Shakspeare Society, is a very faithful version." †

But it must be objected to any defence of this portrait, although its most bitter opponent must confess that it can bring more proof to its authenticity than any other now existing, that it does not closely resemble the print by Martin Droeshout, or the Stratford bust. Nor can we well deny that there is enough similarity between the Droeshout and the bust for them both to have been taken by different artists from the same model. It is far otherwise with the Chandos portrait. The upper lip is *not* long; the chin and jaw *not* so massive. The forehead, more generally followed than any other portion of the countenance in all likenesses, differs considerably. The painter, whoever he was (certainly not Cornelius Jansen), was no mean artist; some of the high lights are now scrubbed down, and have probably been touched and retouched, but there is a power and force about the picture which elevates it, we think, far above the capacity of Burbage, whose portrait, painted by himself, may be seen in the master's chambers at Dulwich College.

* The learned critic surely alluded to the Mezzotint engraving.

† *The Art Treasures of Great Britain*, Vol. I.

So much has been thought of this Chandos picture that some of our greatest artists tried their hands at copying it. Malone states "that when occupied on his life of Dryden, he discovered the portrait which that poet possessed of Shakspeare, painted by G. KNELLER, to be done from the Chandos picture." The following lines of Dryden to Kneller show at once Dryden's gratitude for the gift, and his appreciation of our great poet.

"Shakspeare, thy gift I place before my sight;
With awe I ask his blessing as I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race,
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I like Teucer under Ajax, fight;
Bids thee, through me, be bold; with dauntless breast
Contemn the bad and emulate the best:
Like his, thy criticks in the attempt are lost
When most they rail, know thou, they envy most."

This copy is now at Wentworth House in the possession of Earl Fitzwilliam, and is thus described by Dr. Waagen:—

"A portrait of Shakspeare, a copy made by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and by him presented to Dryden, is only so far interesting as showing the same features as those in the Chandos picture (now, 1855) in the Bridgewater Gallery, thus corroborating the truth of that portrait." *

Sir Joshua Reynolds also painted a copy from the Chandos in the year 1770 for Bishop Newton, and is said to have remarked "that whomsoever's portrait it was designed for,

* *Waagen's Art Treasures of Great Britain. Letter 29, vol. iii.*

it might have been left as it now appears, unfinished." This remark implies a doubt that it was intended for Shakspeare, and Malone, perhaps nettled by it, asserted that Sir Joshua was not a faithful copyist. The fact might be this, Reynolds painted in a style utterly distinct from that of the painter, and his treatment would lead to the divergence Malone complains of. Wivell indignantly exclaims "I cannot suppose that Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the greatest painters that ever lived, could not copy a picture." The remark does not meet the objection; Sir Joshua, a mannerist, so to speak, peculiar and original in his method, was not likely, at the height of his fame, and in copying this picture for a friend, to descend from his own refined style to that of an unknown painter.

There are, as we have said, many copies more or less clever extant, and perhaps never was a poor picture more abused than this. Upon all occasions, right or wrong, has this abuse been lavished. In 1793 an edition of the Poet's works having been published without the usual portrait, the excuse took this form:—The *only* portrait of him that ever pretended to authenticity, by means of injudicious cleaning or some other accident has become little better than *the shadow of a shade*. This spiteful climax became almost proverbial with Shakspearian scholars, but it is a gross exaggeration; in its present position in our National Portrait Gallery the Chandos picture cannot well be seen, although the place it retains is one of honour; but when looked at in a good light, although there is as it were a dark wash over the face, and a want of force which gives

obscurity to the whole, yet enough remains to make it, if authentic, invaluable.

Finally, we may note that the darkness of the countenance, the expression of the face, and the contour of the features, together with the ear-rings, full lip, and curled hair, have given rise to the suggestion that the portrait painter persuaded our poet-actor to sit to him when he had assumed the dress and character of his own masterly creation—Shylock.

IV.

THE ENGRAVED PORTRAIT BY MARTIN DROESHOUT.

THE first complete, and by far the most important edition of the plays of Shakspeare, was put forward in 1623 by two friends and fellows of the poet, HEMINGE and CONDELL. On the title-page of their folio a space has been left in the type, and a copper-plate engraving of a portrait of the author is impressed; under it the engraver, Martin Droeshout, has put his name. On the opposite page, where our frontispieces are now inserted, but printed on the page which generally carries on the obverse the bastard title, are the following often-quoted complimentary verses by Ben Jonson:—

To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
 Wherein the Graver had a strife
 With Nature, to out-doe the life:
 O, could he but have drawne his wit
 As well in brasse as he hath hit





THE DROESHOUT ETCHING.

His face ; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brasse,
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. J.

The manner of thus dealing with titles and frontispieces, combining at once an illustration and a frontispiece, was then not uncommon. In the folio edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's "*History of the World*," published nine years previously, in 1614, by Walter Burre, we have a fine symbolical title-page, exhibiting History trampling upon two figures of MORS and OBLIVIO, and at the same time uplifting a globe, whereon is mapped the world, to a higher stage, upon which two other figures, FAMA BONA and FAMA MALA, one on each side, are ready to receive it. Above them all, the eye of God, with the legend PROVIDENTIA, marks and surveys the actions of men. On the opposite page, at the place filled in Shakspeare's works by the verses by B. J. just quoted, are some noble verses, evidently by Sir Walter Raleigh, but not inserted in his works.

THE MINDE OF

THE FRONTE.

*From Death and dark Obluon (neere the same)
The Misstresse of Man's Life graue Historie,
Raising the World to good or euil fame
Doth vindicate it to Eternitie.*

*High Prouidence would so : that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the Great secured
But both might know their wayes are understood
And the reward, and punishment assu'd.*

Other verses follow which relate to various portions of the engraving. We introduce this matter here for the purpose of observing that the symbolical title-page of Raleigh's volume, and also the head of Droeshout, are cut throughout with the graver, in the manner of that day, without etching or dry pointing, or any aid from any other tool, except of course the burnisher to rub down a false line, and the charcoal to remove the burr. The plate, therefore, being well and deeply cut with a "set off" graver, would last for a long time, and furnish many impressions. Hence Droeshout's original copper plate has served for the poet's portrait in the folio of 1623; in that of 1632, all the impressions of which are fresh and not much worn; and in the two latter folios of 1664 and 1685, "whereof some are no doubt bad, but others are still good," says Boaden. "But in 1685, I confess it to have become what it has frequently been called—an abominable libel on humanity."

The engraving by Droeshout is, it may be presumed, not a skilful one, nor does it leave a very pleasing image on the beholder. Perhaps the engraver was the artist readiest to hand, and therefore employed. The head of Chapman, also by Droeshout, which is prefixed to his translation of Homer, published seven years antecedently, is of a much finer character, and the title-page to Raleigh's *World*, referred to above, is a very skilful engraving, after the school of Albert Dürer, by *Ren. Elstruck*. Still, we must own that the very method of engraving without stippling or mezzotint (then unknown or unpractised), and unaided by the etching point or any adjunct to the

graver, would certainly in the hands of a not very skilful artist, not be likely to produce a fine work of art, or a skilful likeness. In the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*—Sir Henry Wotton's Remains—published in 1783, there are several inlaid portraits, engraved in the same style, which are not very much better than caricatures, excepting one of a three-quarter face of King Charles the First.* We must remember that that of Shakspeare is a full and, we may say, a bold face, with large features, a huge forehead, and rounded cheeks, and consequently with little opportunity for light and shade.

There is very little cross-hatching about the picture, and what is there, chiefly on the cheeks, is badly done; so that in ordinary photographic copies from a good print and in all the bad prints of the engraving, this cross-hatching prints "blind," that is, it gives the whiskerless cheeks of the figure a spotted appearance. Droeshout moreover engraved portraits of John Fox, the martyrologist; Richard Elton; John Howson, Bishop of Durham; and Lord Mountjoy Blount. "The catalogues tell us," adds Boaden, "that he was employed on '*Heywood's Hierarchie of the Angels*,' and executed a print of Dido stabbing herself, for Stapylton's octavo '*Virgil*.'"† We have seen some of these, and the same thin, poor line can be traced in them, but unfortunately for us, the head of Shakspeare is very inferior to many engravings by the same artist.

* This faces Wotton's Latin tract, *Ad Regem e Scotia reducem Henrici Wottonii plausus et vota.* MD.CXXXIII.

† Boaden's Inquiry, p. 13. London, 1824.

Droeshout's head agrees in all particulars with that of the bust, except in the position of the beard, which, in the print, is shaven from the chin, and grows immediately under the upper lip, and the hair, which is straight in the print, and in the bust falling in curls. The forehead is equally ample, high, and bald. Indeed, it is somewhat higher, unless we allow for a fault in foreshortening, and suppose that the artist has included in the forehead the fore part of the skull, generally covered with hair, but in the instances of the Droeshout print and the bust at Stratford, bare.

The eyes are peculiar ; they are hardly fellows, but are not altogether ill drawn, and have about them a worn and hard-worked look. The cheeks are full and round ; the hair straight, and turned under at the ears, which are without rings ; the lip is long, and the moustache grows under each nostril, leaving a complete division, as in the bust. The hair has certainly the appearance of a theatrical wig, and the shaven appearance of the face adds to this fancy. Hence, perhaps, the assertion, that the print represents the poet in a theatrical costume, and the conjectures that the character is that of Old Knowell, in Ben Jonson's "*Every Man in his Humour*," which Shakspeare played in 1598. If this surmise be correct, we can understand that Ben Jonson felt flattered by the costumed portrait being chosen, and that he should append to a faithful likeness so vigorous and unflinching a certificate of its perfect resemblance to the poet.

The costume of the figure is a rich antique theatrical dress,

belonging to no period of our history, and smacking very much of the stage tailor; the doublet is buttoned up to the chin, and above it rises a singularly plaited lawn ruff, apparently opening only behind and stiffened with thin wire round the edges and at various intervals. Perhaps, knowing the honour in which Jonson held Shakspeare and the friendship which existed between them, Heminge and Condell applied to "Rare Ben" for the loan of a portrait of his deceased friend; and if we look at it in this light, we shall see that Jonson's testimony is probably confined to the skill of the copyist.

"——The *graver* had a strife
With nature to outdoe the life."

Certainly this print has a verification of, and a testimony to, its worth such as no other existing portrait has or can have. That Ben Jonson was enthusiastic and extravagant both in praise and blame we know very well; that he was untruthful or given to flatter we do not know. What he saw before him was, so far as he could judge of art, an admirable likeness, and he says so. We may also infer that the publishers and fellow-players of the great poet knew of other portraits—of the Stratford bust, for instance—perhaps of many others, but that they preferred this one as the best suited to their purpose, the most like the poet, and the most easily to be recognised by those who had seen him act.

Having seen what there is in its favour, we may weigh the evidence of its detractors. Malone says that the

work is wretched. "There is no other way," he says, "of accounting for the great difference between the print of Droeshout's and his spirited portrait of Fairfax and Bishop Howson, but by supposing that the picture of Shakspeare from which he copied was a very coarse performance." Malone's remark is much to the purpose. The original was probably a mere daub by Burbage, done in the theatre, but, like the work of unskilful artists generally, very faithful in features and detail.

Another writer insists that Ben Jonson's lines "are futile and unworthy of credit;" and Britton, speaking of the engraving, says, "it cannot be like any human face, for it is evidently ill drawn in all features, and a bad artist can never make a good likeness." Each of these assertions is easily met. Had Mr. Britton studied the human face as well as he did antiquities, he would have owned that it has such diversity that hardly the wildest caricaturist, with the most vagrant imagination,* can exhaust it. Secondly, the "Droeshout" is not so very much ill drawn, although it certainly might be improved. Thirdly, as a rule, as we have before hinted, untaught artists chiefly strive to catch the likeness; they depend upon this, indeed, for their success: and many a poor fellow who gains his precarious livelihood by painting portraits of the landlord and lady of a public-house and the "best

* We may instance Gustave Doré in his illustrations to Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*, wherein huge necks, checks, and chins are to be seen in abundance, and yet men, and women too, are to be met who resemble the caricatures.

parlour gentry" who frequent it, is more faithful in his resemblances than Sir Joshua Reynolds or Sir Thomas Lawrence. The artist idealises his subject and tones down its eccentricities; the amateur or the dauber who is "clever at a likeness" makes prominent, nay, even exaggerates, the peculiarities by which his setter is known to his associates. His touch may be as hard as a block of marble, his flesh-colour like brick dust, but his "likeness" is undeniable or he would not be able to earn a crust.

We may therefore, after weighing the evidence carefully, and taking into consideration the probabilities of the case, assume that the most authentic representation of the poet is that of the head attached to the first folio of 1623, and that we may take it, together with the bust at Stratford-on-Avon, as a test of the genuineness of the many other assumed portraits of the poet.

V.

THE FELTON HEAD.

THE little head which is inserted in our title-page has a curious history, and was at one time judged to be nearly, if not quite, the most authentic portrait existing. It bears a great resemblance to the Droeshout print, from which, assuming it to be a forgery, we should say it was concocted.

It is a very mild face, having a distant likeness to the Chandos portrait in the eyes, the thoughtful, rapt gaze of which is particularly good. The forehead resembles the Droeshout, but is perhaps built up even higher; the cheeks are rounded in the same way. The ears have no ear-rings, but the hair resembles rather that of the Chandos portrait than of the print.

The dress cannot well be distinguished; the ruff is the same flat linen or lawn ruff of which we have spoken in the Droeshout; the head is intended for somewhat more than a three-quarter face portrait, and yet not quite

a full face, and seems to have been shifted in its position on the ruff, possibly the result of ill drawing.

The print bears under it the words *R. Burbage pinx^t 1597*; and in 1794 public opinion ran so very much in favour of this picture that Messrs. Boydell and Nicol put forward the assertion "they were so thoroughly convinced of its genuineness" that they determined to engrave it "*instead of having recourse to the exploded picture belonging to the Chandos family.*"

The history of the Felton head is certainly, in our opinion, damnatory to the fact of its genuineness.

In the year 1794, Aug. 9, Mr. Richardson, a print-seller of Castle Street, Leicester Square, informed Mr. Steevens that he had seen, at Mr. Felton's in Curzon Street, May Fair, an ancient head resembling the print of Shakspeare by Droeshout.

Steevens went, saw it, brought it away, and examined it. It was painted not like the Chandos head on wood, but on canvas. It was and is brighter in colour than the Chandos picture, and did not resemble that painting and its poor copy by Roubiliac in oil, which was said to be "so like a chimney sweeper in the jaundice." The panel on which it was painted had been split on one side to make it even, some picture-dealer had shaved off the other side, nay, even the remainder was curtailed and adapted to a small frame.

On the back of this treasure Mr. Steevens found written, in an "Elizabethan hand," "GUIL. SHAKSPEARE,* 1597,

* "As the poet spelt it," says a commentator. So he did, but also in other ways; but after much consideration we have adopted this method.

R.N." and although the portrait had been exposed it was in very good preservation. On inquiry, it was found that Mr. Felton had bought it for five guineas at a sale which took place at the "European Museum" in King Street, St. James' Square, in 1792. In the catalogue it was marked and described as "No. 359—A curious portrait of Shakspeare painted in 1597."

Mr. Felton, upon making inquiries of the auctioneer or proprietor of the Museum, received a letter in which he stated that "the head of Shakspeare was purchased out of an old house, known by the sign of the *Boar*, in Eastcheap, London, where the poet and his friends used to resort; and report says the picture was painted by a player of that time, but whose name I have not been able to learn.—Sept. 11, 1792."

Mr. Wilson evidently knew how to dress up a story. The *Boar's Head* had been burnt in 1666; but even had it not, pictures in taverns "where players resort," *i. e.* the parlour or smoking-room, are thoroughly well baked, browned, and discoloured. This one was, when at the European Museum, very fresh; and probably Steevens was struck by this freshness and ventured some remark, since, in 1794, Aug. 11, not quite two years afterwards, the auctioneer Wilson, with many protestations, assured Mr. Steevens that—

"That portrait was found between four and five years ago at a broker's shop in the Minories, *by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed*: and that it afterwards came," and here the Eastcheap story was again inserted, "into

that gentleman's sale at the European Museum, where it was exhibited and seen by Lord Leicester and Lord Orford, who both allowed it to be a genuine portrait of Shakspeare."

"My uncle's account," says Sir Benjamin Backbite, "is the more circumstantial, I will allow, but I believe mine to be the *only true one* for all that;" and it is in allusion to a "little bronze Shakspeare on the mantel-shelf," that he makes this apt reflection on his own lie. The ingenious Mr. Wilson, being an auctioneer, must have been singularly gifted with a faculty of much use in his profession; and we may suppose that not many spurious varieties came out of the European Museum unaccompanied by a good pedigree and a story to boot. Perhaps a rude portrait of Shakspeare might have adorned the Boar's Head, artfully called *the Boar* by Mr. Wilson, who knows the value of a little seeming ignorance as well as that of a lord's name. But this tavern Evelyn saw, or nearly saw, burning,* and he describes the consternation of the people to be such that they did not attempt to save anything, much less a portrait of a man not then esteemed.

The Felton head, however, grew in fashion, and in the proposals for engraving it, the publisher, William Richardson, begs the ladies and gentlemen "not to be disgusted

* I wente on foote to the same place, and saw y^e whole southe parte of y^e city burning, from *Cheapside* to the *Thames*, and all along *Cornhill* (for it kindl'd backe againste ye winde as well as forward), *Tower Street*, *Fenchurch Street*, *Gracious Street*, and so along to *Bainard's Castle* * * the people so astonish'd like distracted creatures that they ranne about *without at all attempting to save even their goods.*—*Evelyn's Memoirs.*

at the stiff drapery of the picture," nor to turn away their eyes and feast them on "the more easy and elegant suit of clothes provided for the poet by his modern tailors, Messieurs Zoust, Vertue, Houbraken, and *the humble imitators of supposititious drapery*." The climax of this proposal falls somewhat grandiloquently, but very hazily, and the genuineness of the portrait is now, we believe, hardly credited by any one.

The commentators made very severe attacks on a picture which after all one could wish had been genuine, and Boaden, probably rendered more sharp by the deception practised by William Henry Ireland, to the authenticity of whose forgeries he had once borne testimony, used all his ingenuity to prove it a forgery. Mr. Wivell, in examining the picture, found out that the initials on the back were R. B. not R. N., and that the "Shakspear" had not the final *e*, that being split off. But these discoveries are to little purpose: the picture bears internal evidence against itself, and Mr. Wilson knew very well the initials of the "fellow player" to whose pencil he attributed it. Whatever the ingenuity of the forgery, it certainly did not pay; after pocketing his five pounds, the auctioneer must have been disgusted at having gone through so much to earn so little. Wivell, in the edition of his work published in 1827, formally states that he believed in the head; but his antagonism to Boaden is evidently so strong, that whatever one believes in, the other discredits, and *vice versâ*. Here, however, are his words:—

"Mr. Malone informs us that Burbage was born about

1570—consequently, he was twenty-seven years of age at the date of the Felton head—and died the latter end of March, 1618. *That this picture is the genuine portrait of Shakspeare* by Richard Burbage is my belief, and partly founded upon the circumstance that the writing on the back is not done with ink, although any person might imagine it was who did not think of anything else; it is painted in black and white paint, a most sure sign of its having been done by the artist who painted the head; it is clearly of the handwriting of the time of Elizabeth's reign, which speaks more in its favour than all that has been or ever can be said upon the subject."

Its champion does not boast a very logical or lucid style. No one denies that the signature is by the painter, or that the writing is an imitation (and not a very close one) of that prevalent during the reign of the greatest of the Tudors. But the whole may be a forgery, and as such a very much better picture would be regarded when ushered into the world by such a man as Wilson, and with such a story tacked to it.

Regarded as a picture, the portrait has really a very fair amount of merit in its execution; the forehead, nose, and cheeks much resemble the Droeshout portrait. The eyes are, perhaps, more tender and kindly; the jaw is much finer and thinner than the jaw either in the bust or the Droeshout; the chin close shaven and entirely free from the little tuft which was worn about that time, and is seen both in the print and the bust. Whether genuine or not, and if not genuine, by what clever fellow

painted, it would now be very difficult—perhaps impossible—to determine. It is just possible that were a picture-dealer to touch it, the whole fine forehead and shrewd face might disappear, and a very different original appear underneath. There may have been many genuine pictures of Shakspeare, or he may have had but one. These are questions which cannot be at once determined, and it must be a constant regret to us all that he was not held in sufficient estimation for his portrait to have been painted for some great gallery, and by one of the most faithful limners of the reign of Elizabeth or James I.

All doubts notwithstanding, many artists and connoisseurs have been much attracted by the rapt gaze and soft expression of the Felton head. It more nearly approaches their ideal than any other portrait. The picture long remained in the possession of Mr. Nicol, a son of whom—Mr. George Nicol, of the British Institution, Pall Mall—informs us, that his father refused one hundred guineas from Lord Ellesmere for the picture. It afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Westmacott, a solicitor near Bedford Row, who died some two or three years since; nor do we know who now possesses this interesting picture.





THE STRATFORD PORTRAIT.

VI.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED PORTRAIT, AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

AT about the time when the great Collier controversy had excited everybody's attention, and its culmination had drawn out that Shakspeare-love which lies very deeply in all our hearts, and perhaps most deeply in the hearts of those who least profess it, the literary and artistic world was astonished by the news that a fresh, new, and original portrait of the great poet, in his habit as he lived, had been discovered at Stratford-on-Avon, his native place.

This portrait was, by chance almost, put into the hands of Mr. Collins, a well-known restorer of pictures in Bond Street, towards the end of the year 1860, or the beginning of 1861. The face was then covered with hair, having a large beard, and being otherwise disfigured; but Mr. Collins strongly suspected that underneath the paint another picture lay *perdu*. He therefore removed the covering, part of it in the presence of many witnesses, and discovered what was at once, by many of those present, pronounced to be an admirable portrait of Shakspeare.

Mr. Hunt, the owner of the picture, Mr. Hobbs, the Rev. Mr. Granville, Vicar of Stratford, and others, saw this restoration, and were of opinion that more amateurs and experts should criticise it freely. Mr. Charles Wright, a Shakspearian scholar of no mean attainments, went to Stratford to see it, and advised at once its deportation to London, and that it should there be examined. Mr. Collins, it would appear, was at first unwilling that it should leave his hands, but after some consultation its exhibition was agreed on, and it was exhibited at Mr. Collins's, at Somerset Street, Portman Square; and the following announcement was given to those who came to view the picture:—

PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

A Portrait of Shakspeare, painted on canvas, three quarter, life size, which has been in the family of W. O. Hunt, Esq., Town Clerk of Stratford-upon-Avon, for a century, has recently been put into the hands of Mr. Simon Collins, of 6, Somerset Street, Portman Square, London, (now on a visit to Stratford) who after removing the dirt, damp, and repaint, by which it was obscured, has brought to light what he pronounces to be a genuine Portrait of the immortal Bard.

The Picture bears a remarkable resemblance to the Bust in the Chancel of Stratford Church, according to the description given of it before it was painted white, at the request of Mr. Malone in 1793, viz.: “the eyes being of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn, the dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves.”

It is important to observe that this is the only Picture ever discovered which thus represents the Poet in this dress, and it calls to mind a remark made by Mr. Wheler in his “History of Stratford-upon-Avon” of the probability of a Picture being in existence from which the monumental Bust was taken; which suggestion Mr. Wivell in his Inquiry into the History and Antiquities of the Shakspeare Portraits quotes, and appears to adopt.



SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

This Picture came into the hands of its present owner (through his Father) from his Grandfather, William Hunt, Esq. to whom it probably passed, with some other old Paintings, in the purchase of his House from the Clopton Family in 1758. The house had then been uninhabited for several years, since the death of its former owner and occupier, Edward Clopton, Esq. (Nephew of Sir Hugh Clopton), which took place in 1753.

The picture, the exhibition of which created no little sensation, is now deposited in the house of the poet in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, and there guarded as jealously as any portion of that relic.

It is enclosed in a fire-proof case, and the doors of this being thrown open, the beholder sees a life-like portrait, surrounded by a frame made from the oak of the house, and on a brass plate let in above the frame is this inscription:—

“This portrait of Shakspeare, after being in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town clerk of Stratford, and his family for upwards of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins of London, and being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, to be placed and preserved in Shakspeare’s house.”—*23rd April, 1862.*

On the case of the frame is painted:—

“This case was made from a portion of the waste wood which formed part of the old structure of Shakspeare’s house.”

And inside each staunch iron door is affixed a silver plate, on which is engraved the sound Shakspearian distich:—

“Fast bind, fast find, a proverb never stale in thrifty mind.”

The portrait itself can be best judged by the photograph here presented. It has been very much abused and very much praised, and, like many other things

similarly treated in this world, it deserves neither excess of praise nor of blame.

It is by a sound, honest, pains-taking painter, who had very little, if any, genius. He managed, however, to do that which many men of genius fail to do—he painted in a good, fresh, natural colour. The eyes of the poet look straight at you; the face itself is open, manly, and pleasing, yet at the same time it is weak.

The forehead is broad, but not very high; at a glance one sees that the picture is inextricably connected with the bust. There are the same folds of the dress, the same buttons on the front of the jerkin, the same attempts to show certain slashes, or worked pattern, on the garments, so badly carried out that it is impossible to judge which they are. The buttons, too, are painted with semi-circular high-lights and centre spots, so that they look like transparent glass, or jewellers' work, which is of the same colour with the dress. We doubt whether Shakspeare wore such jewelry; but we may easily suppose that he who coloured the bust would not stop to "pick out" the buttons.

The picture represents the subject in the prime of life; the chin and lower part of the face closely shaven, with the exception of a pointed and small beard, and a moustache in the middle of the lip, on the muzzle between the nose and the mouth, just as the bust has it, and in a manner only to be produced by most careful shaving.

The eyes are skilfully painted, and have a very good-humoured expression about them. The hair is of a

reddish brown, and there is a certain warm glow about the whole figure which is very pleasing. As a suggestion of the face of Shakspeare it would be very good, save for the weakness, want of power, and, indeed, vacuity which is to be seen in it.

Certain photographs, taken by Mr. Collins, were sent forth to one or two influential persons; but these have been "touched up," or probably were taken from a photograph which had been worked upon. This is, perhaps, legitimate enough, but we mention it because we wish to add that, in common fairness to the portrait, these photographs, which are four times larger than our own, give really no idea of the painting, and are as untrue to it as only photographs, which some people fancy reproduce every single touch, can be. The truth really is, that unless in very skilful hands, no portraits are so deceptive as those produced by photography, because, having given up our faith to the mechanical fidelity of the Art, we all the more readily become victims of our credulity.

The newspapers, with very few, and those not important exceptions, were unfavourable in their judgments as to the claims which this picture had to be original. The *Athenæum* said that it was "very much like the bust in Trinity Church, ill drawn, and coloured in the manner which Malone found the bust." It further stigmatized it as "that brazen head, those stony eyes, and those carved locks;" and the writer was careful to add:—

"The picture, as I think, has no merit of any kind, not even that of age; it is a modern daub, possibly a

tavern sign, a 'Shakspear's Head,' probably made up for some purpose connected with the jubilee."

The *Examiner*, on the other hand, contended that, on comparison with the monumental bust, it became "manifest that if one is not a copy of the other, they are both copies, not from nature, but from some other work of art not known to be existing. Either the bust is a bad copy of the portrait, or the portrait has been copied with improvements from the bust, if the portrait be not a copy from the life, immediate, or by repetition. There is agreement in the number, shape, and position of the locks of hair which hardly could be accidental, with not only a general agreement as to the dress, but as to the arrangement of the folds of the mantle. We need not name other points of correspondence, these being enough to prove that the two works are closely allied one to the other.

"But nothing in the portrait suggests that it was copied from the bust. The lower part, of course, does not follow the manner of the statuary, and from that fact no conclusion can be drawn. But in the face lies the main evidence. The picture is of such small value as artist's work, that we hardly can credit the painter with the power he must have had of turning stone into life when he added expression in the play of feature to the corners of the mouth, and achieved a successful transformation of the nose. Shakspeare has in the portrait a nose in good harmony with the rest of his face, not insignificant as on the bust, and differing in outline, especially by a well-

marked curve between the root and the tip that in a copyist from the bust would have been an error hardly probable."

The same writer could see "nothing stony in its look, nothing to discredit at first sight any belief that it may have been a copy from life by one who was a tolerably faithful, although not a first-rate portrait-painter. The bust, as our readers know, was modelled some time after death, when use was to be made of all possible aids to memory.

"Of the portrait now under discussion we can only say that there is ground for directing close attention to it. There is enough credibility in the theory that it was (whether by Burbage or not) painted from Shakspeare when residing at New Place, to warrant careful inquiry into its history, and a fair scrutiny of its surface by painters skilled to distinguish between a work of comparatively recent execution, and one that may really have been painted in the days of Shakspeare."

In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. Charles Wright had professed himself an enthusiastic admirer and defender of the portrait,* and a Birmingham journal of some weight could only see in it—

* "I have seen the painting ; so far from the photograph having excited expectations to be disappointed—the former, in every point of interest, far exceeds the latter. I speak of the painting generally, and have not the least hesitation in saying, it is the most pleasing portrait of Shakspeare extant. In regard to its age, I say nothing. As to points of authenticity and originality—those who possess the competent skill—which long experience alone can give—will soon have every requisite opportunity afforded to display their judgment ; I trust they will use it with perfect candour, and assert their convictions."

“ A remarkably well-painted picture—an idealization of the well-known bust. Had *we* the skill to execute, and had *we* been asked to paint our ideal of Shakspeare from the few materials left us, we should have painted just such a face and form. A noble forehead, a deep, clear, and piercing eye, a well-chiselled nose, a sweet and expressive mouth, a well-formed manly figure, a calm genial expression, not all practical nor all poetical, but a singular combination of intellectual power and common sense and worldly wisdom all appear in the form before us.

“ On a close examination, two most accomplished judges who were with us declared their conviction that the picture must have been painted from the living subject, and not from the bust.”

There is a great deal too much of the certainty and freedom from hesitation of extreme youth and boldness about the “we,” who with so free a pen writes about finely “chiselled noses” and “sweet and expressive mouths.” On many subjects, and Art is one, the more a man knows the more reticent he is forced to be. Towards the close of his article the writer puts some searching questions, crucial experiments as he thinks them, but, put to the proof, as slippery and uncertain as quicksilver.

“ Is the canvas as old as Shakspeare? Is the portrait painted from life? Is it a copy of a picture or a bust? Scores of artists are competent to settle these questions.”

We should very much like to find *one*; our critic believes that experts know everything. “Scores of artists,” however, have laughed at the assertion that the

manner of painting is of the time of Shakspeare; and Mr. Halliwell, an author certainly not unfriendly either to Stratford or to the gentleman who very generously presented a picture for which, we are told, three thousand pounds has been offered, says truly, "It is very clear that either the bust was copied from the painting, or the painting from the bust; but having seen the picture, I cannot for a moment longer imagine that the former position can be ultimately established, and I fancy that it is one somewhat unlikely in itself to be correct, even were the painting of the requisite antiquity. I have little, if any, doubt that *this portrait was copied from the bust*, at the very earliest some time in the first half of the last century, but more probably, as Mr. Dixon has suggested, about the time of the Jubilee. As a memento of the last-named event, it is one of interest and even of pecuniary value; but that interest and value will be absorbed in an estimation of another kind if an attempt be made to give it the precedence of the bust. I can only say that Gertrude's son never so astonished his mother as the sight of that picture astonished me, when it put to flight an expectation to see what so many have desired to behold, yet have never seen."

The chief critical papers agreed in this estimate, which may, we think, be taken as a correct one. If we look at it as a memento of the Garrick Jubilee in 1769,* it is certainly not without interest. Having probably served its purpose, it was kept by Mr. Hunt's grandfather on

* *Vide London Review*, 13th April, 1861.

account of its rough vigorous character, and afterwards, for practice or a freak, daubed over with a beard and moustache, in which state it was found by Mr. Collins.

The painting is opaque, thick, coarse—entirely unlike the work of any recognised artist of the time of Shakespeare. If it actually is an original, and painted from the life, it must be the product of some Warwickshire amateur, a native, it may be, of Stratford-on-Avon itself. It is too good for a tavern sign, although some critics have good-naturedly suggested that it originally served as such; moreover, tavern signs were, and are, generally painted on metal, or on good oak panel, not upon canvas. It is not too good to have been painted to order, by some enthusiastic landlord, to adorn his entrance-hall or his best guest-chamber; and at Stratford-upon-Avon, the hosts are so thoroughly awake to the value of their great townsman, that they name their coffee-rooms after his comedies, and their bed-chambers after his tragedies; whilst in the “Falcon Tavern” the very bells bear the names of some of the best comic creations of this immortal genius, who, after his retirement to his native town, used the common room in the Falcon for evening recreation, and for the purpose of therein studying character.

Those who have been in the habit of studying portraits painted by great artists, such as Holbein, Vandyke, or Reynolds, will pronounce that this picture has not been painted *ad vivum*; it lacks all those minute touches and distinct signs which portraits painted from the life always possess. There can be no doubt about its more recent

history, but documentary evidence extending only for a hundred years is of little value in this case.

Whatever may be the true pedigree and history of this picture, they will now probably never be discovered. Genuine or not, it is of some value, and its original possessor has been generous and wise in presenting it to his native town. In the house of Shakspeare—of which, in its present isolated and restored state, we give a view—it will ever remain, proudly and fondly regarded by the inhabitants of the town; and its possessors may console themselves with the reflection, that although subjected on all sides to adverse criticism, that criticism has, in reality, added to its value and interest.

VII.

PORTRAIT BY CORNELIUS JANSEN.

IN Horace Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting* (Works, 3d Vol. 4to Edition, MDCCXCVIII) there is a sketch of the life of Cornelius Jansen, or Janssen—for it is spelt both ways—which has led the commentators upon Shakespeare's portraits into some mistakes, and has given rise to various twittings and bickerings on the part of Boaden, Malone, Steevens, and Wivell.

Walpole, who presents his readers with a very fine portrait of Jansen, engraved by T. Chambers, says that "his first works in England are dated about 1618." The celebrated picture which we are about to describe bears on it the date 1610, and Walpole's supposition—for it hardly amounts to more—has been cited against its originality, and, indeed, against the possibility of its being the portrait of the poet it is claimed to represent. A little preliminary inquiry will be necessary to set matters right.

"CORNELIUS JANSEN," wrote Walpole, "generally, but inaccurately, called Johnson, was, according to Sandrat,





THE JANSEN PORTRAIT.



born in London, of Flemish parents; but Vertue and the Author of ‘*An Essay towards an English School*’ say it was at Amsterdam, where, the latter asserts, he resided long; the former, that he came over young, which, considering how late he lived, I should be inclined to believe, if Vertue did not, at the same time, pronounce his earliest performances as his best: so good a style of colouring was hardly formed here. His pictures are easily distinguished by their clearness, neatness, and smoothness. They are generally painted on board, and, except being a little stiff, are often strongly marked with a fair character of nature, and remarkable for a lively tranquillity in the countenance. His draperies are seldom but black. I have two portraits by him of singular merit; one of Mr. Leneve, master of the company of merchant-taylors; the other, of Sir George Villiers, father of the great Duke of Buckingham, less handsome, but extremely like his son.”

Walpole goes on to tell us that Jansen “dwelt in Blackfriars, and had much business. His price for a head was five broad pieces. He painted, too, in small in oil, and often copied his own works in that manner. In the family of Verney were the portraits of Sir Robert Heath and his lady, in both sizes.” His next assertion, coupled with the foregoing, renders it certainly highly probable that Jansen should have painted Shakspeare.

“At Sherburn Castle, in Dorsetshire, is a head of Elizabeth Wriotesley, eldest daughter of Henry, Earl of Southampton, and wife of William, Lord Spenser, her

head richly dressed, and a picture in a blue enamelled case resting on her breast."

When Vandyke came to England, the superior merit of that great portrait-painter made that of Cornelius Jansen pale before it. "His fame declined before that of Vandyke," writes Walpole, "and the civil war breaking out, Cornelius, at the importunity of his wife, quitted England. His pass is recorded in the Journals of the Commons:—

"*October* 10, 1648.—Ordered that Cornelius Johnson, picture-drawer, shall have Mr. Speaker's warrant to pass beyond seas, with Emanuel Passe, George Hawkins; and to carry with him such pictures and colours, bedding, household stuff, pewter, and brass as belongs unto himself."

He retired first to Midelburg, and then to Amsterdam, where he continued to paint, and died in 1665. His wife's name was Elizabeth Beck, to whom he was married in 1622. They had a son, Cornelius, bred to his father's profession, who painted the Duke of Monmouth's portrait as he was on the point of sailing for his unfortunate expedition to England.

Two or three things are observable here: firstly, that if Jansen painted Shakspeare's portrait in 1610, he must have been an extremely young man, for he married twelve years afterwards, remained in England thirty-eight years, and lived fifty-five years after that event. There is nothing either improbable or impossible about this, but it must be considered to establish the fact that, when Jansen painted the family of King James I. and the Earl

of Southampton, he must have been a very young man, and have sprung very early into notice; but even this is paralleled by the career of another artist, who, as we shall see, is said to have painted Shakspeare—Nicholas Hilliard—whose portrait, done by himself at the age of thirteen, adorned the cabinet of the Earl of Oxford. Hilliard was still very young when he drew the portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth sat to him often when he might have been yet called a boy.

One of the earliest engravings of this picture which we have met with is unnoticed by Mr. Boaden, who probably had not seen it. It was published by Woodburn in 1811, and is a mezzotint by Dunbar. The description under it calls it “an original portrait of Shakspeare, from a picture formerly in the possession of Prince Rupert, and then (in 1811) in the possession of his grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon.”

This engraving certainly resembles the Jansen portrait; but as no painter’s name is attached, it might be mistaken for another. It represents the poet in a rich court-dress, worked with gold thread of a fine pattern; the collar of point lace stands up like a ruff, and is evidently stiffened with wire.

The face is sufficiently like that generally accepted as Shakspeare’s to cause it to be mistaken for him. The forehead is broad, the nose aquiline, the eyes small but brilliant; the eyebrows well defined and fairly arched; the hair is more plentiful than in the Jansen portrait, and is parted on the right side, while it falls in a heavy

mass on the left. Either from the engraver having departed from his copy, or from some other cause, there is no sign of baldness, and in the right-hand corner of the picture are the date of the painting and the age of the poet, Æt. 46. 1610. We are at a loss how to reconcile this engraving as a portrait of one who was very bald at his death six years afterwards, in 1616; but as we have said, the portrait does not correspond with the Jansen in one or two particulars, nor are the words *Ut Magus* included in the picture.

But if Boaden has left this print unnoticed, he had seen and has described an earlier print by R. Earlom, which was prefixed to an edition of the play of King Lear, published in 1770 as a specimen of what the editor intended to do with respect to the whole of Shakspeare's works. This mezzotint of the Jansen was stated at that time to have been engraved from an original portrait in the possession of Charles Jennens, Esq., of Gopsal, in Leicestershire, the ostensible patron, but real editor of the work. "What communication," says Boaden, "Mr. Jennens made to his critics at the time, I cannot discover; under his print from it, he merely stated that it was painted by Cornelius Jansen, *of which, indeed, even the print exhibited sufficient evidence.*"

Earlom's print is a very delicate one, and in it the pattern of the dress can be partially discerned; but in the finer mezzotint by Charles Turner, from which our photograph is taken, we have no indication of the pattern.

In commenting on the possibility of Jansen having

painted this picture, Boaden asserts that he was born in the year 1564, so that he must have reached the age of 101, a patriarchal one for an artist. He also quotes Sandrart's "*Academia Picturæ Nobilis*," Caput xx. p. 314, wherein Jansen is styled "Londinensis," though he adds "Belgis propterea annumerari potest, quia parentes ejus in Belgico Hispanico nati fuerant, et ob tumultus saltem bellicos Londinum concesserant, ubi hunc deinde genuère filium."

Mr. Jennens seems to have acquired this picture after the year 1761, for in a work of that period, London and its Environs, there is an account of his house in Great Ormond Street, and there "we only find," to quote Boaden, "Vandergucht's drawing in crayons from the Chandos picture."

Mr. Jennens must therefore have been even then an admirer of Shakspeare; and nine years afterwards, during which he had acquired this portrait, he published Earlom's excellent engraving from his new acquisition. His country residence was at Gopsal in Leicestershire, but it is thought that the portrait never reached there. In 1773 Mr. Jennens died, and Gopsal became the property of Penn Asheton Curzon, who had married his niece.

After considerable trouble, Mr. Boaden found the Jansen in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, for whom it had been bought, he writes, by Mr. Woodburn, somewhere about fifteen years back (that is in 1809). We have seen that Woodburn published in 1811 an engraving of it by Dunbar, and that he then

stated that it was formerly in the possession of Prince Rupert, upon what authority we know not, probably on his own. He had then sold it to the Duke of Hamilton, and it came up, wrote Boaden, contradicting himself, "from Gopsal," where he had just said it never reached.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Jennens, when he published his print by Earlom, should not have been more communicative. The Jansen portrait will, most likely, remain for ever without a pedigree, although Mr. Woodburn gave the following account of it, in which by the way, Mr. Jennens is not mentioned.

"The portrait of Shakspeare, now in the possession of the Duke of Somerset, was formerly belonging to Prince Rupert; he left it, with the rest of his collection, to his natural daughter" (by Margaret Hughes) "Rupert, who married Emmanuel Scroopes Howes, Esq., the descendants of whom sold the whole of the pictures to Mr. Spackman, a picture-dealer, from whom my father purchased it, and some others; he kept it, probably, two years in his possession, and sold it to the late Duke of Hamilton, who gave it, with other pictures in town, to his daughter, the present Duchess of Somerset." *

Notwithstanding Mr. Woodburn's silence about the picture having been in possession of Mr. Jennens, Mr. Boaden states that he has unquestionable authority for

* This so entirely passes over Mr. Jennens' possession of the portrait, that it forces us to suppose that either he had another, which Earlom engraved, or that the account is untrue. We shall see that Earlom's print is not altogether faithful.

saying that it was bought by Woodburn, "with a considerable portion of the collection at Gopsal," but the truth of this assertion is surely doubtful.

However, the portrait is here, and, with all the doubts that are thrown upon it, it has been accepted by many as a genuine portrait of the poet.

"Nothing," says a writer, "can more distinctly embody our conceptions of Shakspeare." It is, indeed, the portrait, and the beautifully painted portrait, of a very handsome man, refined, intellectual, full of sparkling energy, and cleverness. The forehead is ample, the hair receding, as in one who would soon become bald. In Woodburn's engraving we have seen that the hair is very plentiful, but if this be the original of that mezzotint, the engraver has been unfaithful to his copy. The eyes are clear, mild, and calmly benignant, of a hazel colour; the nose is a well-formed, slightly aquiline one; the lips are thin, the mouth small and well closed; the beard small and extremely graceful, the moustache delicate and apparently that of a much younger man. The dress very rich and splendid, a court dress; and, indeed, says an antiquary, players were then blamed "for being splendidly drest in silk and satins." The dress is indeed so rich in this and other portraits, that John Wilson Croker doubted "whether Shakspeare was a person of sufficient worldly importance to have his portrait painted 'in the style of the picture in his own possession.'"

Above the head of the figure, and not shown in many of the prints, are the words, in a rough scroll, "Ut

MAGUS," a very apt and appropriate quotation from the Epistle of Horace to Augustus (Epist. 1. Book 2. lines 208—213), in which epistle Horace, after complimenting his patron, gives, perhaps, the most admirable dissertation upon the character, excellence, and duty of poetry, extant. After having dictated to others, he tells them what a poet should be.

Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne :
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta ; meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magnus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis."

The majority of those who have engraved this portrait have been more or less unfaithful. "Earlom," says Boaden, "I knew for a mannerist, but he has been unfaithful beyond measure. None of the parts were accurately reduced by him. He had lessened the amplitude of the forehead, altered the form of the skull—he had falsified the character of the mouth—and though his engraving was still most beautiful, and the most agreeable exhibition of the poet, I found it would be as absolutely necessary to draw the head again, as if he had never exercised his talents on it."

Had we the fullest permission, it is doubtful whether a good photograph could be made from the original picture ; the cracks, of which there are many, the very unevenness of the varnish, although not fully apparent to the eye, would be transmitted only too faithfully by the

camera. Having applied, unsuccessfully, for permission to do so, we could only present our readers with the most valuable copy, which is that executed for Mr. Boaden by Charles Turner. It is a very fine, and an exceedingly faithful mezzotint. Mr. Turner thought that he would follow Earlom in omitting the pattern of the dress, "he has, therefore," wrote Boaden, "with my entire concurrence, kept the dress dark, that the brilliant effect of the head might be quite undisturbed."

VIII.

OF VARIOUS LESS-AUTHENTICATED PORTRAITS.

IN one of the numerous books in which admirers of Shakspeare have sought to bring forward that which is interesting to the student of his works (*Shaksperiana*, 1827), is the notice of a miniature portrait by N. Hilliard. This notice and miniature it will be worth our while to refer to, because we shall thereby be guided in our criticisms on the numerous portraits of those of less doubtful authentication, which will now offer themselves to our notice. A very much larger volume than the present could be filled and refilled with mere paragraphs concerning asserted portraits of Shakspeare; for it seems to be the rule with picture-dealers, that, should they meet with an English face, possessing brown hair, dark eyes, and an ample forehead, concomitants not at all unusual, to at once insist that a new portrait of our great national poet has been discovered.

Now what is really wanted, presuming that a portrait exists, and has yet to be found, a supposition which, by

the way, we do not for one moment indulge in, is not only an indubitable picture of the age, properly signed and attested, but also a certain agreement with two portraits, which we may very well set up as guides, because they, however rudely executed, are properly attested, agree one with the other, and in all the chief points, moreover, present no valid objection why they should not be regarded as the accepted and standard portraits of our great dramatist.

As the cupidity, stupidity, and love of something startling, which pervade various classes, will not condescend to measure discoveries by these tests, we have every now and then the most *outré* and unlikely portraits put forward as those of William Shakspeare, and, of course, it follows that the most puerile reasons are given for the faith which the critic, or the owner, puts in it. Here, referring to *Shaksperiana*, we may quote one on a miniature, formerly in possession of Edward Auriol, Esq., of a weak-minded, common-place individual.

“To the bottom of the frame was appendant a pearl, *intending to infer, no doubt, that the original was the pearl of men!* It is with great diffidence that we venture to give an opinion on a point of so much delicacy as the present; but we must candidly confess, there appears upon the face of this picture an undoubted originality.”

No one would doubt that the miniature was an original portrait, but to be an original, and to be an original portrait of Shakspeare, is a very different thing. The mind of the man is not there; the original might have

been a rich land-holder, or a great citizen, but he was no poet, and, moreover, was probably, if we may judge from his countenance, a besotted sensualist. Then again, would any one credit the fact that a "critic" could put forward such a remark as that about the pearl? Any one who has seen Tudor jewelry, either in actual specimens, such as were in Mr. Rogers's collection, or in pictures, must remember that the pendant pearl is, perhaps, the most common adjunct to portrait locketts, centre ornaments of chains, and brooches, that can possibly be cited. It is so now with the jewelry called after the great painter, Holbein, and the slightest study of his works will confirm what we say. The critic, utterly ignorant of what he is talking about, sees in the little pearl only an original and unique symbol that the subject of the portrait which the frame contains is the *pearl of men*!

A very different portrait, also a miniature, but possessing a history, is that by NICHOLAS HILLIARD, lately, and we believe now in possession of the family of Sir James Bland Burges. "I was about to close my subject," wrote Boaden, "when the late Mr. Boswell brought a miniature to me, which Sir James Bland Burges had entrusted to him. It struck me to have been unquestionably painted, and to merit attentive examination."

This it undoubtedly does, and on examination it will be found to resemble the poet in the shape of the head, the expression, the beard, and the moustache. It is very different from the Chandos portrait, and if *that* be true, *this* is surely false. The hair is light, the head is not

bald—indeed, a strong tuft of hair grows right upon the forehead,—and the miniature has a small, smart look, more like a petty courtier of the reign of James I. than a deep and thoughtful poet. The head is placed in a plaited and falling ruff of large dimensions, the figure well and richly dressed; the execution is excellent.

However inclined to favour the new comer, and to be polite to the owner, Boaden thought with, we will venture to say, the majority of those who will examine the matter, that “it would be too much to expect from us the surrender of all the constituted authorities in favour of the new candidate;” and unless we do so, or unless we suppose the portrait to be an exceedingly unfaithful and therefore valueless one, we shall certainly not establish its claim.

The history of this miniature, as given by its owner, is very interesting. “Mr. Somerville,” wrote Sir James to Boswell, “the ancestor of Somerville the author of the Chase, lived near Stratford-on-Avon, in habits of intimacy with Shakspeare, particularly after his retirement from the stage, and had this portrait painted, which, as you will perceive, was richly set, and was carefully preserved by his descendants, till it came to the hands of his great-grandson, the poet, who, dying in 1742 without issue, left his estates to my grandfather, Lord Somerville, and gave this miniature to my mother. She valued it very highly, as well for the sake of the donor, as for that of the great genius of which it was the representative.”

Sir James remembered it well when a boy, but after

his mother's death it escaped him, nor did he, until after a long search, succeed in finding it, so carefully was it concealed in the private drawer of a bureau which had belonged to his mother.

Here, then, is a distinct history. It is curious that Somerville, born almost on the banks of the Avon, proud of being a poet and of the friendship of Shenstone, should not have once alluded to it in his letters. There was, too, in 1733—Somerville did not die till 1742, or, according to Shenstone, 1741—some stir about Shakspeare. Theobald had published his "*Shakspeare Restored*," and put forth his edition of his works. Nor was Somerville a man unlikely to plume himself on such a possession as an undoubted portrait. He was fond of good poetry and good wine, and careless of the world. "Poor Somerville," wrote the poet of the Seasons characteristically, "I did not imagine I could have been so sorry as upon this occasion. '*Sublatum quærimus*.' * * I really find, upon critical inquiry, that I loved him for nothing so much as his flocci-nauci-nihili-pilification of money."*

We have now therefore much to regret that Somerville did not himself call attention to the miniature. As it stands at present, if the internal evidence were as good as its pedigree, it might indeed claim to be the most certain likeness of the Poet ; but looking at it, the light hair, the

* Works, vol. iii. p. 43. Shenstone was fond of this capital compound from the Eton Grammar. In his *Essay*, "*Egotisms from my own sensations*," he repeats it. "I loved Mr. Somerville because he knew so perfectly the flocci-nauci-nihili, &c."

absence of baldness, and the pert smug look, make us almost sorry that it has so good a pedigree, and force us to believe that it is the portrait of some courtier or country squire, which has been mistaken, in the lapse of centuries and the carelessness of heirs to such small heirlooms, for the greatest poet we have or ever shall produce.

Nicholas Hilliard, jeweller and goldsmith to Queen Elizabeth, and son of the high sheriff of Exeter, could very well have painted Shakspeare. He copied, for want of an instructor, the works of Holbein, but was far from attaining the nature and force of the great master. "He was," says Walpole, "weak; he arrived at no strength of colouring; his faces are pale, and void of any variety of tints; the features, jewels, and ornaments are expressed by lines as slender as hairs; yet his performances were greatly valued." Dr. Donne says—

" a hand or eye
By Hilliard drawn is worth a history
By a worse painter made."

He was the master and teacher of Isaac Oliver; and, says Walpole, "the greatest obligation we owe to Hilliard is having contributed to form him." Hilliard died in 1619, two years after his celebrated pupil, and three after Shakspeare, and was buried in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields.

Amongst portraits, the possessors of which believe

* Anecdotes of Painters of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Walpole's Works, vol. iii. 4to. edition.

them to have been painted from our dramatist, and which bear sufficient similitude to warrant this belief, is one which has recently come to light, and which we believe has not hitherto been described.

Whilst making this inquiry, having been informed that Mr. Thomas Challis, the banker of West Smithfield, had one in his possession, we were invited to inspect it, an invitation gladly accepted. The portrait was found to be a really valuable and well painted production of the age of James I. and to present certain qualities which entitle it to respectful attention.

The picture is a three-quarter length portrait in oil, painted on panel, which is slightly injured on each side by a crack. These, however, do not harm the face, and have been skilfully repaired by Antony. The features are untouched, the face very perfect, and as fresh as if painted but yesterday. The restoration, therefore, has been confined to the background and dress.

The head, which is a fine one, looks too narrow for that of Shakspeare. The forehead is high, but not very broad; the complexion fair, with a brown tint; the eyes a dark grey, so shaded that they appear, unless closely looked into, to be hazel; the nose long, thin, and aquiline, approaching to Roman; the upper lip very short, covered with a brown-red moustache; the hair, which curls naturally, is a true red auburn. The look of the portrait is neither so open nor so generous as that of the bust, the Droeshout, or the Chandos portraits. There is a fierce determination and will about the picture, and

the subject, whoever he was, has the "true nobleman look," or rather, as Pope says in Spence's "*Anecdotes*," "that look which noblemen should have rather than what they generally now have."* But this look has in it so much haughtiness that it lacks therefore most certainly that sweetness, which we should wish our gentle Shakspeare to have possessed. The mouth and moustache are the features which most resemble the received portraits, with the exception, before stated, that the upper lip is very short.

The dress is remarkable: a large wide-spreading, curiously open-worked, Spanish collar, which extends from shoulder to shoulder, and exhibits the neck nearly to the collar-bone, gives a foreign appearance to the picture; nor does the face detract from this appearance. The dress is excellently painted, and is of a slate colour, worked, shaded and bound with black. In one corner of the picture we find the date and age, *Æt.* 46, 1610; the age of course corresponds with that of Shakspeare at that period. The neck, as we have noticed, much exposed, is ill drawn; with this exception, in both drawing and execution the picture is admirable.

The history given by the owner of this picture is so far valueless, that it presents no pedigree, and can be relied on only as regards his immediate possession. An old bank-clerk in Mr. Challis's employment, who was an amateur of pictures, and who possessed considerable taste, bought it at the sale of a Dr. Black, and only when about

* *Spence's Anecdotes*, sect. 1.

to emigrate with his family, parted with this picture, which he greatly valued. But the regret of the clerk will not prove the authenticity of his property. Furthermore there is little to remark, save that in the narrowness of the chin and in the lower features, as well as in the colour of the hair, this portrait very closely agrees with the bust now in the custody of Professor Owen.

We have also seen another picture, but in a far worse state, and differing extremely in look and complexion from the one just described, which is in the hands of a collector in Gresham Street—Mr. J. O'Connell—and which he believes to be the production of Garrard, a painter of the time, whose works are well known, and from whose pencil one or two specimens may be seen at Hampton Court. This painting has been executed in so thin a vehicle, and has been so badly used, that a mere ghost of a portrait now remains. We have in it an indication of the same ample forehead, blue-brown eye, and "cogitative" nose, but the hair is, however, flaxen, and the beard also of that colour. The collar, and the disposition of the head and picture, very closely resemble the Jansen portrait. The pattern on the dress—a coarse cross-bar—is clumsily overlaid with gold, and the owner believes that the whole background was originally gold, which has since been covered with a reddish-brown background. The fair hair of the head, but not that of the beard, has been also daubed over with an auburn tint. Mr. O'Connell has no documentary, nor any directly authentic, history of this portrait. The painting is, however, very probably by the artist from whose pencil

he asserts that it is; it is exactly in his thin fine style, and the manner of it very much resembles that of his picture of the *Procession of Queen Elizabeth to Hunsdon House*, the residence of Sir Christopher Hatton, in which the Queen, courtiers, and maids of honour have—the majority of them, at least—the same pinky dash of colour in the cheek, and the same whitish complexion, of this picture. The curious painting of this *Procession* was exhibited in the Manchester Fine Arts Collection, and a photograph taken by Messrs. Caldesi may still be had. This photograph should be carefully studied by the collectors of Shakspearian portraits, since it may be safely affirmed that, of the courtiers by whom Queen Elizabeth is surrounded, it would be very easy to pick out at least six whose foreheads, noses, pointed beards, and the contour of whose countenances, would certainly entitle their possessors to be mistaken for their world-famous contemporary.

Here, indeed, we shall find the fruitful source whence proceed so many supposititious originals with or without a history. The face of Shakspeare, gentle, dignified, cheerful, and open, presented much the same characteristics as those of a great many of his countrymen and contemporaries. Mr. Howitt, in discoursing about Warwickshire, produced, in one of his works, a portrait of a boy, who might have been mistaken for the author of *Hamlet*, when young; and instances have not been uncommon where an assumption of the dress, the beard, and moustache of the time, would gift an individual of to-day with a close external resemblance to the poet, however much lower his

mental qualities may actually be. His was no marked or peculiar face, to be recognised by a wart, like that of Cromwell, by its statuesque beauty, like Napoleon's, or its vivid sharpness, like those of Erasmus and Voltaire; nor had it the rocky, rough, weather-beaten look of Ben Jonson. Fondly as we may now regard it, it had little or nothing about it peculiarly distinctive, and hence it has been an easy task for persons to mistake the portraits of others for those of Shakspeare, and for people without delicate perception to grow obstinate in, and enamoured of, their error.

Amongst many pictures not claiming a distinct genealogy, but which yet have for many years been delivered to us as those of Shakspeare, the WARWICK PORTRAIT deserves a distinct notice.

It is more poetically treated, perhaps, than any other. It is very beautifully painted, and represents the Poet seated at his work, his mind occupied with his art, and in the act of poetic composition. It is original, and the accessories alone give it a high value—so high, indeed, that it is classed as one of the chief pictures in the collection of its noble owner; and few will visit Warwick Castle without a careful inspection of it. Dr. Waagen, whose opinions are entitled to much attention, regards it with favour; and indeed it is highly probable that, should any artist have desired to transmit the portrait of the greatest poet of his age to posterity, he would have chosen the *pose* which this picture possesses. When Dr. Waagen, in prosecution of his grateful task of describing the art-

treasures which so richly adorn the houses of the English nobility, visited Warwick Castle, he was much struck with this picture; although it must be confessed that it differs very considerably in youth, complexion, and appearance from other portraits which he had also seen. He thus enthusiastically describes it :—

“ The portrait of Shakspeare, though without a genealogy, was exceedingly interesting to me; it seems more worthy of this great poet than any I have hitherto seen, and therefore deserving the attention of all those who have at their command the critical literature relative to the portraits of the poet, and the comparative examination of those extant. He is here represented younger than usual, and with more delicate features, but with the mustachios and pointed beard. The whole conception is very peculiar. Seated behind a table covered with a white cloth, in a red chair with a high back, he is on the point of writing; looking up as if reflecting; for, although his eye is directed towards the spectator, his mind is evidently fixed on his subject. The expression of the head is remarkably refined and spirited; he is dressed in black, with white lace ruff and ruffles. The local tone of the flesh is reddish, the execution careful. The whole work bespeaks a careful painter, and it seems to me to be decidedly an original portrait. The ground is black.” *

It will be observed that Dr. Waagen has not hazarded any conjecture as to the painter of this excellent portrait,

* *Treasures of Art in Great Britain.* By Dr. Waagen. Vol. II. p. 216. Letter 26.

and it would perhaps be difficult to assign it to any artist with a probability of a general acquiescence by connoisseurs. It also seems to us that the attitude is hardly that which a painter of the period would have chosen: there is a somewhat modern "fashion" about it which we object to.

It would have been gratifying to have found some mention of such a portrait as this in the catalogue of the fine collection of pictures belonging to Charles I., which is extant; but although that monarch was a student of Shakspeare, a folio (of 1632) of whose works he presented to a gentleman of his bed-chamber shortly before his death, we have consulted that catalogue in vain for such a record.

IX.

OF VARIOUS OTHER PORTRAITS OR ASSERTED PORTRAITS.

MR. LIONEL BOOTH, the publisher of the fac-simile of the important edition of the folio of 1623, has long been an ardent admirer of everything connected with art or literature which regards Shakspeare, and possesses a picture which once belonged to Cosway, and at the sale of that artist's pictures was purchased by his father. Perhaps a more pleasing representation of the poet could not be seen than this admirable little painting; but its interest lies beyond, far beyond its merit as a painting; it is a picture celebrated in its day: which Cosway, when its possessor, asserted to be an original from the pencil of Zoest, or, as some will persist in spelling it, Zoust.

How far this portrait was from being one painted from the living subject, a reference to Walpole or to the Dictionary of Painters will show us at a glance. Walpole in his Anecdotes describes "Gerald Zoest, called Zoust," as being a native of Westphalia, and as "arriving in

England probably before the Restoration.”* But it is not of so much consequence whether he arrived before or after that event, since we have an evidence of his age on the straining-frame of one of his pictures. *Gerard Zoest pinxit ebdomedâ Pentecostes. Anno Domini 1667. Ætatis 30.* So that the painter was born just twenty-one years after the poet, who is supposed to have sat to him, had been laid in his grave. In commenting on this fact, Boaden tells a very good story of Peck the antiquarian, who being determined to publish a portrait of Milton, which he knew absolutely *not* to be that of the poet, was remonstrated with by a friend. Peck was obdurate, and refused to withdraw from his intention. He did not care about the picture, he said, but, he added, “I’ll have a scraping from it at all events, *and leave posterity to settle the difference.*”

Peck’s print of Milton has, we believe, never yet been questioned. It was probably so worthless “a scraping” that it has escaped notice. But with regard to the Shakspeare by Zoest, posterity, in the person of the ingenious and acute Malone, quickly “settled the difference.”

“About the year 1725,” writes Malone, “a mezzotinto of Shakspeare was scraped by Simon, said to be done from an original picture painted by Zoust or Zoest, then in possession of S. Wright, painter, of Covent Garden. The earliest known picture by Zoust in England was done in 1657, so that if he ever painted a picture of

* “*Painters in the Reign of Charles II.*” *Works of Lord Orford, Vol. III. page 311, 4to. Edition.*

Shakspeare it must have been a copy. I have lately seen a picture in the possession of — Douglas, Esq. at Seddington, which I believe to be the very picture from which Simon's mezzotinto was made. It is on canvas, about 24 inches by 20, and somewhat smaller than the life."

Nevertheless, although the picture could not have been painted by Zoest from the life, and although it is a somewhat theatrical figure, and utterly different from any of the more accredited pictures, Mr. Douglas sold it to Sir John Lister Kaye for four hundred pounds; and to The Grange, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, the seat of the Kaye family, Boaden believed it was taken.

Mr. Booth's picture and the print by Simon give a very pleasing representation of the poet, with a sufficient general resemblance to the universal idea of him to make it recognised. The air is *spirituel*, the look somewhat absorbed, the colour excellent; so good, that Wivell has stated his belief that the picture was painted "by no other than Rubens, and to be possibly a juvenile portrait of himself." The hair is brown and curling, thin upon the forehead, but without any indication of baldness; the mouth is fresh and delicate, the beard and moustache not unlike those worn by Shakspeare, save that the beard is continued on the cheek, and runs into a delicate, but not plentiful, pair of whiskers.

There are no earrings. The collar is the Puritan collar of the Commonwealth, like that of the bust, probably worn by country gentlemen and all others when dressed

with a view rather to ease than elegance. The doublet, which has theatrical-looking lappels on the shoulders, is of figured satin, but resembles that of the bust as to the long row of small buttons in front. We have little doubt that by whomsoever it was painted it was intended by the artist for Shakspeare; and, save a delicacy which approaches weakness, it is a very creditable performance. Boaden thought that it had so much the character of the original aimed at, that he felt "no difficulty in asserting that the sitter must have borne a very peculiar and enviable resemblance to the great dramatic poet of England."

Amongst many portraits for which the owners claimed undoubted originality, there was one "exhibiting a youthful poet leaning with his face upon the right hand; the head stooped forward in earnest meditation, and with the evidences of composition before him." The artist of this picture was written down as "Zucro," but after some debate, it was determined by those most interested to be by Zuccherò.* The beard of the portrait is full, dark, and luxuriant, the hair black, the face weak and effeminate, and unlike Shakspeare, and certainly more like Tasso, but most like a forgery. That it was intended for a successful one there is no doubt. The name of Shakspeare was "curiously impressed on the panel."

* Who, by the way, could not well have painted our poet, unless Shakspeare had sat to him abroad. Having satirized some of the Pope's chamberlains by painting them with asses' ears, Zuccherò was obliged to fly. He first went to Flanders; then, in 1574, came to England, where he painted Queen Elizabeth twice. He left England in 1580, when Shakspeare was sixteen years old.

Another celebrated but forged portrait, whereby "an unknown saint was converted into the player Shakspeare," was one "discovered" by Machell Stace, a bookseller in Middle Scotland Yard, who in 1811 issued the following advertisement :—

"Lately published, a portrait of Shakspeare, when at the age of thirty-three; engraved by MR. R. COOPER from the original, in the possession of the publisher, price 15s. The size is suitable to the four first folios and Boydell's editions."

Mr. Stace produced some documentary evidence of the genuineness of this picture, and referred also to the initials W. S. on it. Mr. Boaden suggested that it was a copy of Zoust's, and afterwards declared it a forgery. The print represents an effeminate person, with enough of the look of the received portraits for beholders to recognise for whom it was intended, and the whole affair brought down much ridicule on the credulous bookseller. "Silly indeed must he be," says Wivell, "to give credit to such a picture as this being Shakspeare. In two words, its true character is that of having more *hair* than *brains*."

In fact, it would seem that our present experience merely repeats that of our grandfathers. Directly an inquiry is made for a portrait of the great dramatist the demand produces the supply, and at every street corner a "genuine" portrait is to be found; and with every disposition to listen to the earnest assertions of their own belief by the possessors of these pictures, the critic at last grows impatient, and demands some documentary evidence, some history for the picture, something more, at least, than that mere faith which is based on the accident of possession.

X.

OF PORTRAITS OF DOUBTFUL AUTHENTICITY, AND OF CERTAIN
FORGERIES.

To be ranked with those numerous pictures of "no character at all," and with only the faintest shadow of a history tacked to them, is one both curious and extremely interesting, which one could wish to be genuine even whilst suspecting it to be false.

This portrait is in the possession, as trustee under a will, of G. W. W. Firth, Esq. a surgeon of repute at Norwich. Its history, so far as its present and its late possessor, is satisfactory enough, but if we attempt to go farther back, then it suddenly fails, and becomes "a blank, my lord."

The painting is on copper, of a small size, a miniature in oil, seven-and-a-quarter inches by five-and-a-half. It bears on its face an open and bold claim to be considered an original, and to have been painted by the order of the fellow-players of Shakspeare, and presented to him, or preserved by them, as a memorial of his becoming the chief partner and manager of the Globe Theatre.

An old carved oak frame, which has originally been gilt, but is now painted black, surrounds the painting; and it is worth while observing that the acanthus ornament carved on the frame would hardly have been used at that time, the Tudor ornament being more in vogue. The frame, as we shall afterwards explain, must stand or fall with the painting, with which it claims to synchronize, for inlaid on the top of it is a thin slip of oak, awkwardly carved with scroll, not Tudor squat shield. On this are, first, the arms of Shakspeare, the crest over them, and underneath, without a scroll, the motto assumed by the poet—

NON SANZ DROICT.

Immediately beneath this is a quatrain of considerable merit, the first line of which puns upon the motto. The inscription is in Roman capitals, in yellow or gilt letters :

OF RIGHTE WE HAYLE THEE MAYSTER OF THE GLOBE ;
THEE WHOM BEN'S VENOM'D SHAFTE OR SNAREFUL PRAISE
HAVE (*sic*) NEERE HAD POWER TO BEREAVE OR ROBBE
O' THE POET'S HIGHEST MEED, THE LIVING BAYES.

Underneath the last words, which are larger than the rest, is a sprig of laurel or bay. The frame, we may remark, has not been made purposely for the picture; the little thin shield is let into the frame by a space being rudely cut in the ogee moulding, over which runs the ornament.

The figure of the poet, seen down to the knees, is standing up, holding a pen, and in the act of mental composition. The poet looks out of the picture with

intensity. He is clothed much as in the "Chandos"; the collar is the usual plain lawn with untied strings; the hair brown, so dark that it may be mistaken for black; the eyes large and full; the forehead bare, the upper lip long, and the moustache is stuck upon the upper lip in the unnatural way in which it is worn in the bust. The head is bald, the chin short; the beard, a small tuft on the chin, grows into whiskers. The face, which agrees very well with that of the bust, save that it is somewhat effeminate and darker in complexion, is well painted. The lips are full and red, and, as well as the collar, have been retouched.

The background is smudged with gold, which is not laid on like a genuine gold background by the early Italian painters, and gold enters also into the folds of the curtain at the back, which, to us, looks like a modern method of filling up so small a picture. After painting the background, the artist has touched the eyes and hair of the figure, for specks of gold-dust may therein be distinguished. In the right-hand corner of the picture, under a red sky, is a little sketch of the Globe Theatre, with a flag flying. The whole is fairly painted, but with not more skill than we might demand from an amateur like Burbage.

On the back of the picture is a piece of paper, on which, in a modern hand, is written:—

"The Inscription on the Tablet in front, shews that the picture was painted on the occasion of Shakspeare's becoming mayster, or in modern language, manager of the Globe Theatre, a view of which appears in the

background. It also shows the opinion entertained of Ben Jonson's disposition towards our author; the truly significant epithet 'snareful praise,' proves that his most friendly professions were ever to be suspected."

This gloss is unsatisfactory. We cannot read it without suspecting that the writer knew more about the picture than he pretends; and the phrase "our author" smacks strongly of some literary gentleman, who was, perhaps, clever enough to compose the lines themselves. If the "snareful praise" of the verse refers to Jonson's commendatory verses of the folio of 1623, then, of course, the authenticity of this picture falls to the ground, for whilst it claims to address him as living,* it must have been painted seven years, at least, after the poet's death. Again, we do not know that Shakspeare was ever "Mayster of the Globe." On the 17th of May, 1603, only a few days after he reached London,† James I. issued a warrant under the Privy Seal, in which "we by these presentes doe licence and authorize, these our servants, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakspeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, &c. to use and exercise the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastorals, stage plaies, and such other like . . . within

* "It was a general opinion that Ben Jonson and Shakspeare lived in enmity against one another. *Betterton has assured me very often that there was nothing in it*; and that such a supposition was founded only on the two parties, which, in their lifetime, listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually. Dryden used to think that the verses Jonson made on Shakspeare's death, had something of satire at the bottom; for my part, I can't discover anything like it in them."—*Pope*; *Spence's Anec.* 1728—30.

† Howard Staunton; *Some account of the Life of Shakspeare*, p. xxxiv.

their nowe usual howse called *the Globe*, within our countee of Surrey, &c." Are we to assume that this portrait was painted immediately after this warrant was issued? Shakspeare's name is *second* on the list.

There is certainly another document "professing to be a letter found in the Ellesmere collection, from Daniel the poet to Sir Thomas Egerton, thanking him for his advancement to the office of *Master* of the Queen's Revels, and which, if genuine, would be of singular interest in relation to the life of Shakspeare, but the letter, long suspected, is now proclaimed to be a forgery."* In the papers of Bridgewater House, there is also a "List of claims made by 'R. Burbidge: Lau. Fletcher: W. Shakspeare, &c.'" amongst the items of which the poet's name stands third. "*Item.* W. Shakspeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500 li, and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes Burbidge and Fletcher, viz. 933 li 6s. 8d. 1433 li 6s. 8d." This also, which leads us to suppose that he might have been master, has been pronounced by competent authorities a forgery.† In Collier's *Memoirs of Alleyn*,‡ Shakspeare is also placed second in a list of players.

* Howard Staunton; *Some account of the Life of Shakspeare*, xxxv Note. And also Collier's *Life of Shakspeare*, p. 173.

† "It would be little better than a work of supererogation to prove that this is spurious, and it was not written in the reign of Elizabeth or of James the First. The orthography of the petition, the ink or pigment in which it is written, are not of those reigns, and the writing is tainted with clerical anachronisms, while the paper is to all appearance the fly leaf cut out of a book, and certainly never would have been used either for an original petition to the council, or for an official copy of one."—*Hardy's Review of the Shakspearian Controversy*, p. 51, 1860.

‡ Page 198.

The spelling of the inscription is not beyond suspicion. Although orthography was not settled, it is well known that it was much nearer to modern usance than our ingenious Irelands and Chattertons would represent it. In Raleigh's "History of the World," a very few deletions would entirely modernise the spelling. In the "*Arcadia*," Sydney omits a few final letters, as the *e* in *Cambridge*; but he does not add it to *whom*, nor does he spell *master* with a *y*. e.g.—

"Thou rebel vile com to thy master yield."*

"Whom passion leads, unto his death is bent."†

Had any one, after a casual reading of Spenser, who is purposely antique, wished to forge old spelling, we should have had "hys," "deathe," "whome," "maystre," &c. We merely note this as being worth consideration, but, at the same time, are quite ready to acknowledge that it presents no very certain test.

Those who simulate old documents generally out-Herod Herod in the quaintness of their spelling, and as George Psalmanazzar was caught tripping by an ingenious chaplain having compared notes, so we may catch these gentlemen by a little attention to their orthography. Here, for instance, is a questionable but very amusing description of how the actor of the part of Sir John Falstaff was habited in the time of Shakspeare. It is appended to an "original" drawing by Inigo Jones:—

"Like a Sir Ion Falstaff: in a roabe of russet, quite

* Sydney's *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, p. 211.

† *Ibid.* *Second Eclogue*, p. 212.

low, with a great belley, like a swollen man, long moustacheos, the sheows (shoes) shorte, and out of them great toes like naked feete : buskins to sheaw a great swollen leg. A cupp coming fourth like a beake—a great head and balde, and a little cap alla Venetiane greay, a rodd and a scrowle of parchment.” *

Of this, whilst he pronounces it in the most emphatic manner to be a forgery, Mr. Duffus Hardy quotes Mr. Hamilton of the British Museum :—

“It is somewhat remarkable that neither this drawing nor the description of Falstaff is to be found in the Shakspeare Society’s volume, edited by J. R. Planché, Esq. from the Duke of Devonshire’s library. The language of this description is, to say the least, suspicious. *The orthography*, Mr. Hamilton might have added, *is conclusive against its authenticity.*” †

The documentary evidence in favour of this picture is of the most slender description. It was for many years in possession of a Mr. Boardman, sub-chamberlain of the city of Norwich, a fair antiquarian and archæologist. Boardman bought it of a Mr. Izard, an auctioneer, who afterwards came to London, who, it would seem, represented that a large sum—about £1300—was lent on it. The nobleman whose name is connected with it, how, we know not, is long since dead—Lord Audley ;

* “*New Facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare.*” By J. P. Collyer, Esq. 1835.

† “*A Review of the present state of the Shakspearian Controversy.*” By T. DUFFUS HARDY, Assistant Keeper of the Records, 1860.

and if he was clever enough to persuade any one to take such a picture as security for that large sum, we can only say, that his lordship must have been *very* astute. Boardman gave Izard £300 or £350 for it, and a promise that if it sold for more, he should share the profits. The old *sub-camerarius* was enamoured of his bargain, and refused £500 offered by a clergyman named Fisk ; but death, about eleven years ago, parted him from his prize, and the picture remains in the hands of one of his executors.

A very much more valuable painting, full, indeed, of vigour, and important from style and size, which somebody has claimed as a Shakspeare, has lately come to light at Hampton Court Palace. For many years it was at the top of a room with a deep ceiling, and quite out of sight. It has lately been hung lower. It represents a man in the early prime of life, with something of a Shakspeare look about him, but of the faintest description. The forehead is of the same shape, but less ample ; the eyes are *blue* ; the mouth not unlike that in the Droeshout print ; the hair nearly black. The figure has a peculiar strut and stare, and is dressed in a richly embroidered dress, the peaks of the coat shaped like those of a Greek jacket, and thickly covered down the front and open sleeves with gold buttons. High on the chest, an immense sword-belt and buckle add to the braggadocio appearance of the poet (?), and his left hand holds up a sword with huge pommel and basket-hilt gilt, whilst the right hand holds the dagger, which,

to quote Butler, is the worthy "page" to the sword.* A gigantic ruff falls on his shoulders, and a double string, a foot long, trails from his pierced ear, to let the beholder see that the wearer could tie a double pearl of great price thereon. The breeches, a small part only of which is seen, are puffed and red, bombasted out as in James I's. time. Over the head of the figure is "*Ætat. suæ. 34.*" and the whole impresses the beholder with the fact that he is not looking at a poet, but at the likeness of some young, and somewhat bilious military ruffler, some companion of Captain Bobadil from the Low countries, who is capitally dressed in a foreign military, and not an English, costume. The picture has no history. We have consulted three old catalogues, but find therein only the word "Shakspeare" attached to its number, which was once 276, but is now 279 in those pages.†

* "His puissant *sword* unto his side
Near his undaunted heart was ty'd,
With *Basket hill* that would hold broth
And serve for fight and dinner both,

* * *

This sword a dagger had his Page,
That was but little for his Age
And therefore waited on him so
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do."

Hudibras, Canto I. p. 19. Edition 1704.

† "The portrait of Shakspeare at Hampton Court, came from Penshurst ; it belonged to the D'Lisles ; one of them gave it, or sold it, to William IV., who placed it at Hampton Court. Mr. Wilkes, who exhibited a portrait, or so-called portrait of Shakspeare, said to be in the catalogue (which the ticket at the back seems to verify) from a sale by Turner of the effects from the fire at Lord Rendlesham's, Norfolk, the sale at Ipswich, told me that he had sold a portrait of Shakspeare to the Rev. T. Lucy, of

We may reiterate, that, so far as documentary evidence goes, we can safely state that Charles I. never possessed a portrait of Shakspeare. We may add that this picture was taken from its obscure corner at the instance of the Rev. C. M. Bellew, who is disposed to give credit to its being a portrait of Shakspeare in a stage dress.

In the vestibule of the Garrick Club, which we may now speak of as the old Garrick Club, in King Street, Covent Garden, is a really fine and very spirited terra cotta bust of Shakspeare, which is not well seen because of its position in the dimly-lighted hall. The history of this bust is very curious; and although we cannot positively connect it with any event in the life of the great man whose features it professes to give, it is yet fully worthy of respectful attention, since it must have been made whilst the memory of the great poet was fresh in the minds of men, and when his features even were not forgotten by some of his associates who still lingered on the stage of life.

The following copy of a letter of the late Duke of Devonshire to the Secretary of the Garrick Club will give the best account of the discovery of this bust, and of its generous presentation to its most appropriate resting-place:—

Charlecote, which had been Charles I.'s; he bought it from a Mr. Little, who had lived at Sheen, near Richmond, and who, ultimately, although at one time possessed of considerable property, found a requisite asylum in Richmond workhouse.—*MS. note by Mr. C. Wright.*

"Brighton, 8th Dec. 1855.

"SIR,

"I have for some time wished to pay a visit to the Garrick Club, and to ask you to show me that most interesting collection which belongs to it ; but having again left London for some time, another delay is caused, and I must write to you to say that there is in my possession a very interesting bust of Shakspeare which I wish to present to the Club as a token of goodwill, and also of regret that the state of my health has hitherto obliged me to appear so remiss as a president.

"The bust, which is in terra cotta, was in the possession of Professor Owen, of the College of Surgeons, from whom I purchased it. It was discovered in pulling down the old Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where it was placed under one of the stage-doors, the bust of Ben Jonson (accidentally destroyed by the workmen) occupying a corresponding place over the other door, Shakspeare having been rescued by the timely interposition of Mr. Clift (Professor Owen's father-in-law.) The bust became his property, and was given by him to Professor Owen.

"It is my wish to know at what time it will be convenient for the bust to be received ; and Sir Joseph Paxton, in whose possession the bust now is, at Sydenham, will forward it any time if you will inform him or me at what time it should be sent.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"(Signed) DEVONSHIRE.

"J. Barnes, Esq.

"Secretary of the Garrick Club."

The bust itself is striking, but somewhat theatrical. It has certainly not been modelled in the reigns of Elizabeth or James, but very probably in that of Charles I. The features certainly resemble the accepted likenesses of the poet, but are yet more like, in their chiselled sharpness, the cast in the possession of Professor Owen. The hair is flowing and in curls, the forehead ample and somewhat bare, but the head is not bald ; the nose aquiline ; the moustache full, and worn with the beard somewhat like

the beard and moustache in the celebrated portrait of Charles I. and Vandyke, in which a full view and a profile and a three-quarter face are given. The collar is no longer a plain lawn collar or a ruff, but one of the time of Charles I. ; whilst the ample cloak thrown over the shoulders has a Vandyke air and boldness, and in its treatment urges one to suppose that Sir Antony, or it may be Sir Peter Paul, had something to do with the designs from which these two excellent heads were modelled. The whole history of this bust is a curiosity ; its strange preservation, by being " bricked in," and its rescue, whilst its less worthy fellow was destroyed, are happy incidents which must add to the interest with which we regard it.

It is now, perhaps, fourteen or fifteen years ago that Mr. Abraham Wivell, an industrious and very zealous inquirer into the subject of this book, died. To his last he never ceased to carry on his search, and in 1847-8 had a mezzotinto engraving of a Shakspeare executed, which has many claims to our sympathetic regard. It represents the poet standing near a table, on which is a skull, upon which his right arm rests. In the hand is a book, the forefinger apparently inserted between the leaves, the book not clasped, but with ribbons in the place of clasps, so that it can be tied. The figure is in a rich low-peaked dress of the Tudor period, with a ruff around the neck, and two laced ruffs at the wrists. His left hand, the thumb of which is adorned with a ring, holds gloves. A richly worked but slight sword-belt is round the waist ;

the breeches are puffed and bombasted out as was the fashion in the days of James I.

The face is benevolent and earnest, and the look very steadfast; the beard, which connects itself with the lower whiskers, is peaked, but scanty; the upper lip not long, the nose slightly aquiline, the eyebrows arched, the forehead ample and bald. The portrait more closely resembles the Somerset portrait, painted by Jansen, than any other, yet the two pictures are so different that it is impossible to believe that they are from the same original.

This picture was, in March, 1847, in the hands of Mr. Clement Kington, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Hearing of Mr. Wivell's labours, he wrote to him asking him to call and see this portrait, and it was finally engraved. Mr. Kington's account, which is given with unquestioned *bona fides*, is, that he bought the picture of a family who had long had it in their possession, and who believed it to be a genuine and contemporary portrait. In the upper left-hand corner is an inscription which is an exact copy, in form, of that of the Somerset picture, save that the age and date differ by one year, as if one of the pictures was one year older than the other. On another part of the picture, as the owner related, was a crest of Shakspeare, with a comic and a tragic mask, which facts induced Mr. Kington to believe that the picture was genuine.*

There is also a fine portrait, with many marks of genuineness about it, at present in possession of the

* Mr. Samuel Timmins, of Birmingham, communicated these facts to the writer, who has only seen a photograph of this portrait.

Bishop of Ely. The Bishop's illness has prevented an examination of this picture, but connoisseurs declare that it has many claims to be considered a genuine one.

There is also another portrait, called the "Clopton" portrait, from its owners claiming it to have been for a long time in the family of Sir Hugh Clopton, and to have descended to the wife of its exhibitor, a Mr. W. Warner. The wife was of course a Stratford woman, the portrait a highly-prized one; but the whole story seems to us very doubtful. "Clopton" is a name which immediately suggests itself in connexion with any portrait of Shakspeare which is wanting in documentary evidence, and has only slender merits to stand upon. This portrait has not been examined on the present occasion.

Finally, we have in Paris, as a pendant to the celebrated bellows portrait discovered at Caen, an "original" picture which is thus described, and its history given:—

Some few years ago a Mr. Joy emigrated from London to Boston, carrying with him some few old pictures and various relics collected by his father, a great antiquarian and connoisseur in objects of art and curiosity. The greatest and most esteemed by this latter gentleman of all the curiosities he had collected, consisted of a few articles bought of an amateur to whom they had descended as relics of the Globe Tavern (?) where Shakespeare and the wits of Elizabeth's time were wont to congregate, and where the portraits of many of them were well preserved even so late as the beginning of the last century. One of the pictures was sold with the assurance that it had always been considered as a likeness of Shakespeare, and it was so black and begrimed that the lineaments were scarcely visible, and after having served as subject of laughter and raillery amongst his friends on his arrival at Boston, Mr. Joy, half ashamed of his own credulity, had the picture stowed away in a lumber room, and forbade the subject ever to be mentioned. At Mr. Joy's death, a year or two ago, his sister, a maiden lady of large fortune and great

taste, drew forth the curiosities brought by her brother from the old world, and caused the picture in particular to be cleaned and newly framed. What was the astonishment experienced when on removing the coating of smoke and dirt with which the *soi-disant* Shakspeare was coated an inch thick, to find the name of Gueckers in the corner, and unquestionable evidence of the portrait being that of the great poet himself! There certainly is a greater conviction of identity conveyed in this picture than in any other of the portraits now existing—a reality of life which none of the others possess. The American sculptor, Greenough, to whom the portrait has been confided by Miss Joy, has modelled from it a bust, which combines all the reality of this self-evident likeness with the ideality furnished by his own poetical imagination. The fire in the eye, the marvellous play of the lips, the arched forehead and high flowing hair, are admirable, and the bust is thought by French artists to be a realization of what Shakspeare must have been.*

This picture I have not yet seen, but have been assured that it possesses great merit. Walpole does not mention the name of Gueckers, and we are left in the dark as to the “unquestionable evidence” of the portrait being one of Shakspeare. The whole story seems too full of question. We do not know of any Globe Tavern, although there was a Globe Theatre; we have heard of the net combats at the “Sun, the Dogge or triple Tun,” and in connexion with Shakspeare we also know Bell Yard, Great Carter Lane, Doctor’s Commons, where stood the Bell, whence on October 25, 1598, Richard Quiney addressed a letter to his “loveing ffriend and countryman, Mr. William Schackespere, living at Southwark, near the Bear Garden,” requesting a loan of thirty pounds. This letter supposed to be the only one existing of the very many which must have been addressed to Shakspeare, still exists at Stratford-on-Avon.

* “*Birmingham Journal*,” December 12th, 1863—*Letter from Paris*.

XI.

OF FORGERIES, PRINTS OF SHAKSPEARE, AND MISCELLANEA.

WHEN the *furor* concerning Shakspeare portraits was at its height, many gentlemen, with more ingenuity than principle, set to work to supply the demand. Amongst them were a picture-dealer and a picture-restorer, whose faults may be dealt with lightly, since they have sons yet living, carrying on their businesses and reaping some part of the reward of their fathers' virtues. The first, was Mr. Hilder, in Gray's Inn Lane, whom in our boyish and his patriarchal days we have often seen and talked with; "he furnished," says Wivell, "whole families of Shakspeares." Happening to buy a capital portrait of an alderman and his wife, he cruelly separated the pair, and had the alderman turned into Cromwell and the wife into a most magnificent Shakspeare. This reminds us of the transformation effected by Mrs. Jarley in her wax-works, who, as Dickens tells us, would, when about to be visited by a ladies' school, dress up Mary Queen of Scots as Lord Byron, putting her in a Greek dress, and on her a curly black wig,

“whereby the likeness became so striking that the young ladies absolutely shrieked, and the ‘principals’ said it was ‘immoral.’” Mr. Hilder was a great sinner in that way;* and it is said that the head of Shakspeare owned by a Mr. Winstanley, was the alderman’s wife, altered into the poet by the ingenious Zincke. Another spurious head, of a fine character, was bought by John Wilson Croker, M.P. who naturally enough pinned his faith to it. This picture was a copy of the Jansen bought by Mr. Croker from Mr. Swaby, of Wardour Street.

The name of the picture-restorer does not differ much from that of the dealer; it is Holder, a not unscientific gentleman, who in his time must have made many copies of the “Bard of Avon,” but who every now and then “vexes the dull ears” of credulous purchasers, by telling them when and how he manufactured the portrait which they are determined to call original. Holder did not so much paint *on* his portraits as scrape off with a knife; and Mr. Smith, a well-known printseller of the day, well remembered Holder bringing a portrait to him which he had just purchased, and buying two common prints of the poet for sixpence, and declaring his intention of altering the picture to that of Shakspeare. This picture was one of a Dutch admiral; but James Caulfield, who had a great knowledge of ancient portraits, “declared that it would make a capital Shakspeare,” and so Holder

* “He (Hilder) assures me,” writes Wivell, “that he sold to Mr. F. W. Zincke a picture of a man, his wife and children, *all* of whom were separated by him and converted into portraits of the poet.”—*Remarks*, p. 175, Ed. 1827.

altered it. This, or some other forgery, a Mr. Dunford bought, and asserting his belief in its genuineness, sold it to a Mr. Evans, of Beckenham, in Kent, for 100 guineas. On February 22d, 1827, Mr. Edward Holder sent a letter to Wivell, confessing "every particular of the portrait which I sold to Mr. Dunford as Shakspeare, except the way I did it. I bought the picture in New Turnstile for five shillings. Mr. Zincke, who then worked with me, approved of my plan. I put in the ear-rings, &c. * * I have never been inclined to dupe the world as many in my situation in life have done. I have a wife and nine children to support; and had I the advantages which others have made by my works, I should not be the poor man I am now."

It is but fair to say that Holder gave Dunford a broad hint that the portrait he purchased was not genuine; but Dunford did not wish to be undeceived, and stated that "Mr. West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and four hundred competent judges," had given their opinion that the picture was genuine. It is useless to follow either the forgeries of Holder, Hilder, or Zincke. Proud of their skill, these men betray themselves. Holder, to prove that he *can* "do the trick," turns a clergyman into Oliver Cromwell, which Zincke takes and sells for four pounds, pocketing one for his trouble, and finally, piqued at Dunford's success, he makes "another Shakspeare, which was worth a score such as the above," which he sold to Mr. Gwennap, of Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. "Mr. Gwennap asked me if I had manufactured it, to which I answered

in the affirmative; on which Mr. Gwennap said that he would have given me sixty pounds if I had asked it."

Many of these forgeries were signed either with the initials B. J. or with the names of "Poins" or "Pystolle." Why those worthies should have been selected it is not easy to guess. A picture of Shakspeare, produced by Ireland, bore some verses, and underneath them the words, "*Thyne owne Ben Jonson.*" Some had rhymes appended, thus:—

" Surcease, thou medling artiste, thy Endavor,
Strive not to paynte my bodye shape, for never
Shall it be sayde, y^e phyzze of mee Shakspere,
On canvasse, woode, or paper dothe appere."

Herein two words at once denote a forgery: "artiste" for painter, and "phyzze" for face, neither of which were so used, or misused, in the time in which the portrait claims to have been painted. TALMA, the great French actor, possessed a portrait of Shakspeare, so admirable, that when Charles Lamb saw it, he fell down on his knees and kissed it. Yet it was an undoubted forgery. "The maker of this ingenious picture," wrote Wivell, "is Mr. F. W. Zincke,* with whom I have personally conversed on the subject." Zincke also "constructed" another admirable likeness, which arrived at the dignity of newspaper criticism, out of a French dancing-master, which,

* Zincke was the grandson of the enamel painter, C. F. Zincke. He lived in Windmill Street, Lambeth, surrounded by full-grown children, and boasted of a venerable appearance, with silver locks, and an innocent and guileless face. The origin of Zincke's Talma picture was an old mahogany tea-board.

with other old pictures, he purchased of Mr. Hilder for twelve shillings.

Amongst curious and out-of-the-way ingenuities must be reckoned that one which placed Shakspeare's head on a pair of bellows, and underneath it the gingle, which has been often remembered when better things are forgotten :—

“ WHOME HAVE WE HERE
STUCKE ON THE BELLOWES?
THAT PRYNCE OF GOODE FELLOWES,
WILLIE SHAKSPERE.
OH ! CURSTE UNTOWARDE LUCKE
TO BE THUS MEANLIE STUCKE.’
“ POINS.”

“ NAYE, RATHER GLORIOUS LOTTE
TO HYMME ASSYGN’D ;
WHO, LYKE TH’ ALMIGHTIE, RYDES
THE WYNGES OTH’ WYNDE.
“ PYSTOLLE.”

This bellows picture was discovered at Caen, and taken to Paris, where a purchaser was found for it. Upon cleaning it, the beard, moustaches and ample forehead of Shakspeare disappeared, and the original and more appropriate portrait of an old nurse came to light.

Young Ireland, a clumsy fabricator, was of too restless a nature not to take a share in deceiving the easily-gulled collectors of curiosities. Not that these credulous gentlemen are to blame, for their knowledge must indeed be great to be able to pronounce at once on the genuineness of a clever forgery. Antiquities and curiosities, and especially pictures, can be imitated so closely, that experts like Dr. Waagen are, as we well know, frequently deceived.

Nor can the eye always carry with it the nice points of difference, or the mind charge itself with the remembrance of originals, the excellent copies of which are often hung in the galleries of the rich and great.

With Ireland's forgeries the case is different. Their only merit (?) seems to have been their extreme badness and boldness. Buying an old and rude drawing of a Dutchman, the production of some one as untaught as a child, he altered the drawing, as well as he could, to resemble Droeshout's engraving, put in a pair of scales, scrawled various rude ornaments over it, and then passed it to his credulous father, suggesting that it was an original drawing which decorated the Globe Theatre. The scales indicated that it was the portrait of Shakspeare in the character of Shylock ; and several gentlemen, including the Honourable Mr. Byng, were convinced of the genuineness of the portrait. Had it been genuine it would have been worthless. In the facsimile of the drawings given in the folio volume of fabricated papers, we can only trace the rude eyes, nose, and mouth, which would be disgraceful if proceeding from the pencil of a charity-boy of eight. This was not the only drawing (?) of the kind attempted. Stimulated by his success and by his admirers, of which Mr. Boaden was one, the cunning and foolish author of " Vortigern " drew another portrait on a large skin of ancient vellum, bought in an old shop in Clare Market, where the too-clever-by-half young man often went.*

* There exists a drawing (said to be that) of Shakspeare, on the back of an old letter which is addressed to Henslowe the player. This sketch, which may or may not be more authentic, is in the collection at Dulwich Gallery.

It would be useless to carry such inquiries further. The list of the forged Shakspeares could be largely extended, but the only effect would be to swell out this book with questionable gossip and stories of fabricators, always despicable, although more or less ingenious and successful, as the case may be.

The engravings from the received portraits of England's greatest poet are, of course, very numerous. They form an object to collectors, and a well-selected volume of them is of value in the market. They may be said to be based, without exception, upon five, or at most six, of the pictures we have described. The first engraved head of Shakspeare is that by Droeshout, 1623, a fine impression of which is worth at least 20*l*. In 1655, an edition of "*Tarquin and Lucrece*" was published, with an oval in the top of the frontispiece (which represents Lucrece stabbing herself), in which is a portrait of Shakspeare, evidently copied from the Droeshout. The head has a merry look, and, seen in a fine state, the print is by no means a bad one. In 1819 R. Sawyer copied this in facsimile for Horace Rodd, of Newport Street. The original was supposed to be by Faithorne. Swaine, Picart, Brocas, Rivers, Fry and others also engraved from this picture.

The Chandos head has been continually engraved from. In 1709 Michel Van der Gucht engraved it about the size of a half-crown piece, for Rowe's edition. On each side of it is Tragedy and Comedy. In 1733 G. Duchange reproduced it, leaving out the whiskers and altering the features, but giving them a fine expression. The head is

reversed, as was then the fashion with many engravers, who evidently worked with their copy immediately before them, being careful to please their own eye. In 1747 Vertue engraved this picture, making it the centre of seven portraits of dramatic poets : Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Otway, Wycherley, Dryden, and Shakspeare. Foudrinier, Ludv.^e du Guernier, and others, also copied this with more or less success.

In 1640 an edition of the Poems of our author was published, with a somewhat rude engraving by W. Marshall. The head is slightly altered from Droeshout, the collar of a rather different shape ; over the right shoulder a theatrical-looking cloak is thrown, and in the left hand, which is gloved, the poet holds a sprig of bay. Underneath the oval which contains the figure are six of Ben Jonson's lines, somewhat altered :

This shadowe is renowned Shakspear's ! Soule of the age,
The applause, delight, and wonder of the stage :

ending with an original tag,

For ever live, thy fame the world to tell,
Thy like no age shall ever paralell.

This has been often copied. Mr. Charles Knight has included it in the few portraits he has collected, in one wood-cut, as a frontispiece to his *Biography of the Poet*.

The best early engraving of the Chandos picture is by Houbraken, in 1747. It looks the reverse way to the portrait. Basire, Cook, Audinet, Miller, Le Goux and others have copied it with more or less ability. Perhaps

the earliest of these copies is one by Acland, engraved with great neatness and tenderness. There is also an Italian print, which represents our poet as a ruffian, signed *Locatelli de Geniani inc ; P^o. Andertoni direx.*

From Ozias Humphry's copy of the Chandos portrait there have been many plates engraved by Hall, Scriven, Knight, Brocas. John Thompson, the excellent wood-engraver, made a charming copy of this for Whittingham's Shakspeare. Two most important heads, as regards engraving, are also in existence from Holder's forgery : one by C. Turner, published in 1815, and another by William Nash, 1816.

From the Somerset or Jansen portrait, the first engraving is, we believe, that by Earlom, 1770 ; it is a very good print. Gardner copied this in 1793. R. Dunkarton copied the original while in Mr. Woodburn's collection, totally altering the likeness. Charles Turner engraved it most admirably in 1824, leaving out, as we have noted, the pattern of the dress. R. Cooper engraved three plates, one from Mr. Croker's copy. Rhodes engraved a portrait from Hilliard ; and from this one, says Wivell, " a copy was made to illustrate a German edition of Lavater."

The Felton head was first engraved by S. Trotter, in 1794 ; then by J. Godofroy, for Mr. Richardson. It is a large, coarsely engraved head, not very like the original, which is best represented by an engraving by Cochran. Charles Warren engraved this head very beautifully from a drawing by John Thurston, published by Wallice, 1805. Evans, Holl, Thomson and others also engraved it.

Cosmo Armstrong, Pass, Robinson, and Charles Turner have also worked, and worked well, upon portraits of our poet. The bust has been often engraved by Dean in stipple, Thomson in wood, Scriven in aquatint, &c. A good line engraving, representing the bust as coloured to the life, is prefixed to Mr. Cowden Clarke's *Lectures on the Minor Characters of Shakspeare*. Lastly, to reduce our poet to the last stage of "pretty sublimity," Cipriani, not content with stippling him into nothingness, and, in company with Bartolozzi, surrounding him with Cupids, has engraved him in stipple, in a long bed-gown, with a pen in his hand, looking up to Heaven like an enraptured Moses—gaunt, stark, and feebly distraught.

After having closely examined the great number of portraits asserted to be those of William Shakspeare, the mind is somewhat embarrassed. This embarrassment is considerably increased by the fact that, for many years, the eye has been familiar with a half-dozen of incongruous portraits, the claims of which it has lazily allowed, without taking the trouble of weighing them. The patrons of some of these portraits have evidently considered it sufficient that the picture should be the face of a man, and not of an animal, to give it sufficient chance for the admittance of its claim. A mouth, a moustache, a fair

amount of forehead, and two eyes, have been, for a long time, all that the sanguine inhabitants of Wardour Street demand, when they wish to christen the most villanous daub of an incompetent and unconscientious painter with the name of the greatest genius that the world has ever produced. It is in vain that Shakspeare complained, prophetically, that he had "made himself a motley to the view;" his outward seeming, as well as his inward soul, has become motley. The claimants to the possession of original portraits have indeed been good enough to concede that the poet must have had two eyes and a nose; but, if we believe them equally, those eyes must have been at the same time black, hazel, blue, and deep brown; the nose must have been Roman, aquiline, somewhat snub, and "cogitative;" the upper lip must have been extremely short and extremely long; the hair and beard straight and curling, black, brown, dark brown, reddish brown, and flaxen; the complexion, of all shades, varying from very dark to very light.

Now it needs no consideration to prove that no human individual could, under any circumstances of change of age, or stupidity or want of skill in the painter, have ever presented such extreme variations. We must, therefore, by finding out the characteristics in which the most authentic portraits agree, endeavour to reconstruct a Shakspeare, and from such a reconstruction judge the portraits brought before us.

From what we have, therefore, we may presume that Shakspeare was of the middle height, fairly built and

proportioned, broad-chested, and upright. His hair was a warm brown, his beard lighter than the hair of his head ; his chin round and full (*Bust, Droeshout Print, and Print by Marshall*) ; the jaw strong and powerful (*Droeshout, Print, and Bust*) ; the forehead ample, broad, and high, the supra-orbital ridges oval, and well marked (*Felton Head, Bust, and Droeshout*) ; the hair, at an early period, thin, and well off the forehead—at the close of his life he was bald, and the forehead seemed very much higher ; his complexion was fair, and the tint of a warm, healthy hue, with probably a full colour in the cheeks ; the mouth not very small, the lips full and red ; the eyes hazel, and, we may presume, instinct with life and intelligence.

This is as near an approach to a correct description of Shakspeare as we can well form, There can be no reason why he should not have had many portraits painted, but we must remember that we have no direct proof that he ever sat to any artist of the highest excellence. He was of a retiring nature, since he did not, like Ben Jonson, place his plays before the public, and call them his “works.” We may presume that although he must have been aware of the excellence of his poetry, and the value of his productions as works of Art, yet that he looked upon that Art with distaste, almost with disgust, and was careless about preserving any records of it. It is possible that, meeting with friends in his retirement whose religious opinions were severely Puritanic, he either destroyed his own papers, or left directions for their destruction. We know that Cowper lamented and

apologised for writing "John Gilpin;" under the same pressure—that of the expressed opinions of religious friends—Shakspeare might not have been unwilling to condemn his "Venus and Adonis," "Love's Labour's Lost," the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and other works devoted to a corrupt stage, and evidencing an acquaintance with, and an attachment to, the abhorrence of Puritanism, the World. Under such a conviction—which we are at liberty to presume he indulged in, for he led a most quiet and retired life, and the story of his drunkenness and merrymaking with Drayton is at the best apocryphal—we may presume that Shakspeare took that step which has for ever deprived us of a relic of his manuscripts or letters.

We have indicated in the body of the text the paintings and pictures which agree in all the particulars of the fanciful portrait given above, and it is by the agreement with them in the main details, no less than by age and documentary evidence, that we must judge of the value of any newly-discovered portrait of the greatest dramatist of any country and of all ages.

XII.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

TRADITION, always valuable when it is not opposed to evidence, has associated for many years the cottage of the Hathaways at Shottery with the wife of Shakspeare. Garrick purchased relics out of it at the time of the Garrick jubilee; Samuel Ireland afterwards carried off what was called Shakspeare's courting chair; and there is still in the house a very ancient carved bedstead, which has been handed down from descendant to descendant as an heirloom.*

The last of the Hathaways who shows it now is a quaint old woman, by marriage a Taylor, but not the less endued with a love of the old house and the name. In addition to the bedstead, which might have been the "second best bedstead" left by Shakspeare in his will to his wife, she exhibits one or two relics, and some old bed-linen and pillow-cases beautifully hand-made, and of the finest linen, with open worked seams, which, she

* Charles Knight. *William Shakspeare, a Biography*, p. 265.





ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

AT SHOTTERY.



relates, were only used in the family at the birth and death of a member of it. What the house is will best be seen from the photograph. It has been divided into three dwelling-places at a comparatively recent period, and its massive beams and firm stone foundations show that, when entire and first built, it formed a substantial and roomy habitation for a well-to-do yeoman and land-owner. It is the intention of the committee which purchased the house in Henley Street to purchase and repair this one also.

XIII.

THE POET'S LAST HOME.

WHILST examining the Stratford Monument, the visitor's attention will not fail to be drawn to the fitting resting-place and the last home of the great poet, in the chancel of the church.

The church of the Holy Trinity, in which Shakspeare lies, is a very beautiful and venerable building. Dugdale, who overrated the antiquity of it, said that it was nearly of the time of the Conqueror, judging the architecture of the tower to be of the Norman style which prevailed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Bloxam, who mentions this fine church several times, citing parts of it as instances of architecture, mentions that "the south aisle of the church of Stratford-upon-Avon was built by John-de-Stratford, early in the reign of Edward the Third,"* and ranks it under "the decorated English style." The tower was originally surmounted by a lead-

* *Bloxam's Gothic Architecture.* P. 234.



THE CHANCEL OF TRINITY CHURCH ,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON .

covered timber steeple ; and the tall stone spire which now makes so picturesque an object in all views of Stratford, was not there in Shakspeare's time, nor for long afterwards, having been erected in 1763. Its height above the tower is 83 feet ; that of the tower, 80 feet.

The chancel, where the poet lies, is by far the most beautiful part of the church. It was built in 1465 by Dr. Balshall, and took the place of an older one then pulled down. There are five large windows on each side, formerly filled with painted, but now with plain glass ; nor does the beauty of the chancel suffer much by the loss, for the waving trees and the sunshine outside give a charming and a cheering aspect to the old building. The east window is in the perpendicular style, and, as will be seen from the accompanying photograph, is a very beautiful object. The stalls of the ancient choir still line the sides of the church, and the lifting seats of these are carved, probably by Dutch or Old English artists, with curious and somewhat gross subjects—fit illustrations for those who wish to write on mediæval caricature. Near Shakspeare's monument will be seen a doorway which led into the charnel-house, a very ancient structure, once full of dead men's bones, from which the ingenious Mr. Ireland, and other commentators, suppose that the poet drew his description of the tomb in one of his most popular tragedies.

“ O'er covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow, chapless skulls.”

This charnel-house was unfortunately pulled down in

1800. It should have been repaired, for it was of the same date as the old chancel which preceded that which we now see.

The monument is on the north side of the chancel, at an elevation of somewhat more than five feet from the floor. The niche in which the bust stands is arched over, and on each side of the arch is a Corinthian shaft of polished black marble, the capital and base of which is gilded. Above the entablature are the arms of Shakespeare; * and, writes an author, ignorant of heraldry, the "*supporters* are two boys in a sitting posture." The fact is, the tomb-maker has placed two cherubim on the top of the monument, one holding an inverted flambeau, and the other, on the right hand, with his eyes closed, places one hand on a skull. A skull, ghastly enough, and coloured brown, occupies the summit of the tomb. To one who could suppose the common ornaments of the tomb, "*supporters*" to the arms of a simple esquire having no claim to heraldic distinction, it would have been a very little stretch of the imagination to have supposed that skull the coronet of Prince Hamlet.

Immediately below the monument, in front of the altar rails, are the slabs which cover the graves of Shakespeare and his family. Nearest the wall, is the tombstone of

* These arms were granted to the poet's family before his time. The blazonry of them may be classed under the term "*canting*;" a term used by heralds when the arms or the motto figure and pun on the name. "Or, a bend dexter sable, charged with a tilting spear of the first. Crest, a falcon with wings elevated, holding a spear." Motto, which is generally omitted in all descriptions, "*Non sanz droict*." They were granted by Sir William Dethick.

Anne Hathaway, his wife, about whose marriage with him, somewhat hastily concluded, Shakspearian commentators have been very busy. The epitaph, written probably by Dr. John Hall, in good Latin hexameters and pentameters, is, it seems to us, very touching and affectionate, and not without a poetic conceit at once pleasant and religious.

HERE LYETH INTERRED THE BODYE OF ANNE,
WIFE OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, WHO
DEPTED THIS LIFE THE SIXTH DAY OF
AVGVST, 1623, BEING OF THE AGE OF 67 YEARES.

Vbera, tum mater, tu lac vitamq. dedisti
Væ mihi ; protanto munera saxa dabo !
Quam mallet amoveat lapidem, bonus Angel' ore'
Exeat ut Christi corpus, imago tua.
Sed nil vota valent, venias cito Christe resurget
Clavsa licet tumulto mater, et astra petet.

By her side lie, unmoved and untouched, thanks to the quaint epitaph, said to have been written by Shakspeare himself, the bones of the poet, underneath a rough slab of freestone.

The next gravestone is that of Thomas Nash, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Susanna Hall. This lady survived her husband and became Lady Barnard. Mr. Halliwell possesses an original lease granted by her husband and herself, and signed in a firm manly hand, "Eliza Barnard."* Adjoining her tombstone is that of Dr. John

* The same Shakspearian scholar has also a clever painting of the Stratford monument, which is valuable, because it shows its colours before touched by Malone, on the back of which is the note :—

"This old painting of the monumental effigy of Shakspeare, is of great

Hall; and the arms of Hall and Shakspeare are sculptured impaled above the inscription, which states that the deceased "married Susanna daughter and co-heire of Will. Shakspeare gent." He died on the 25th of Nov. 1635, aged sixty. Six Latin verses compose his epitaph, the first two of which are—

"Hallius hic situs est medica celeberrimus arte,
Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei."

The last stone covers the grave of Susanna, the eldest daughter of the poet, of whom tradition whispers, that she destroyed her father's "play-writings;" a tradition, perhaps, entirely based upon the deeply religious feeling of the terse epitaph, which it will be seen may be con-

curiosity, being the one painted by Hall, before he recoloured the bust in 1748. The letters proving this are in the possession of Richard Greene, Esq. F.S.A., who printed them some years ago in *Frazer's Magazine*. I purchased the picture of Mr. Greene, who is lineal descendant of the Rev. Joseph Greene of Stratford, the owner of the painting about 1770.

Signed J. O. Halliwell."

Mr. Halliwell has also an exact copy of the Chandos head, perhaps a century old, painted in a very hard style, but without force. The colouring is the same as the original but very much lighter. The collar and dress a mere daub; the drawing of the face is much better than the painting or colouring. On the coat is stuck a paper label, with the following lines, printed in type very similar to that of Coypell's edition :

*Effigies WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE Britan.
ad fidem tabellæ unicæ, manu RICHARD BURBAGE depictæ,
(Circa annum, ut videtur 1609) per R BARRAT Londinensem
quam exactissimè, anno 1759, curantibus
et*

(Here the printed label breaks off in an abrupt and irritating manner.)

tinued, so as to claim for our greatest dramatist, a deeply felt and expressed conviction of Christian faith.

HEERE LYETH YE BODY OF SVSANNA
WIFE TO JOHN HALL GENT : YE DAVCH-
TER OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, GENT :
SHEE DECEASED YE 11TH OF JVLV, A^O.
1649, AGED 66.

“ Witty above her sexe but that’s not all
Wise to Salvation was good Mistriss Hall ;
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him with whom she’s now in blisse.
Then, Passenger ha’st nere a teare
To weepe with her that wept with all ;
That wept, but set herself to chere
Them up, with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live her mercy spread,
When thou ha’st ne’re a teare to shed.”

Under the north wall, within the railing, and lying to the left of the poet, is an altar-tomb of Dr. Balshall, warden of the college, who rebuilt the chancel, and died in 1491. Under the east window, on its north side, and easily seen in the accompanying illustration, is the monument to John Combe, executed by Gerard Johnson. It is a recumbent figure, under an arch. Combe died nearly two years before Shakspeare, who is said to have written a caustic epitaph on him, still remembered. This, as Mr. C. Knight asserts, is unlikely.* Combe was an old

* There is a very old tradition that Shakspeare wrote a satirical epitaph of four lines on John Combe, dubbing him “Ten in the Hundred,” and ending thus :—

“ Should any one ask who lies in this tombe,
Oh, ho ! quoth the Devil, ’tis my John-a-Combe.”

It is improbable that the Poet was the author of such doggrel on his own friend ; but John Combe must have pinched some of the sons of Parnassus,

companion of the poet, and bequeathed him a small testimonial of good will, which Shakspeare did not forget, and, dying, bequeathed "to Mr. Thomas Combe, my sword"—a precious relic to those who worship such, but which has entirely disappeared, to the bitter regret of all curiosity-lovers.*

for in "*The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets.*—London, printed for John Wright, at the King's Head in the Old Bayley, 1649," there is, it seems to me, a distinct allusion to Combe and his monument. "Likewise we mark all brokers to be knaves by letters patent; and usurers, for five marks a-peice, shall lawfully *be buried in the chancell, though they have bequeathed their soules and bodies to the devil!*"

* Mr. William Oakes Hunt, the town-clerk of Stratford, a most enthusiastic admirer of his great fellow-townsmen, possesses a small *couteau de chasse*, of little value and mean appearance, which has been sent to him as *the sword*. No one puts any faith in this relic.

THE END.



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